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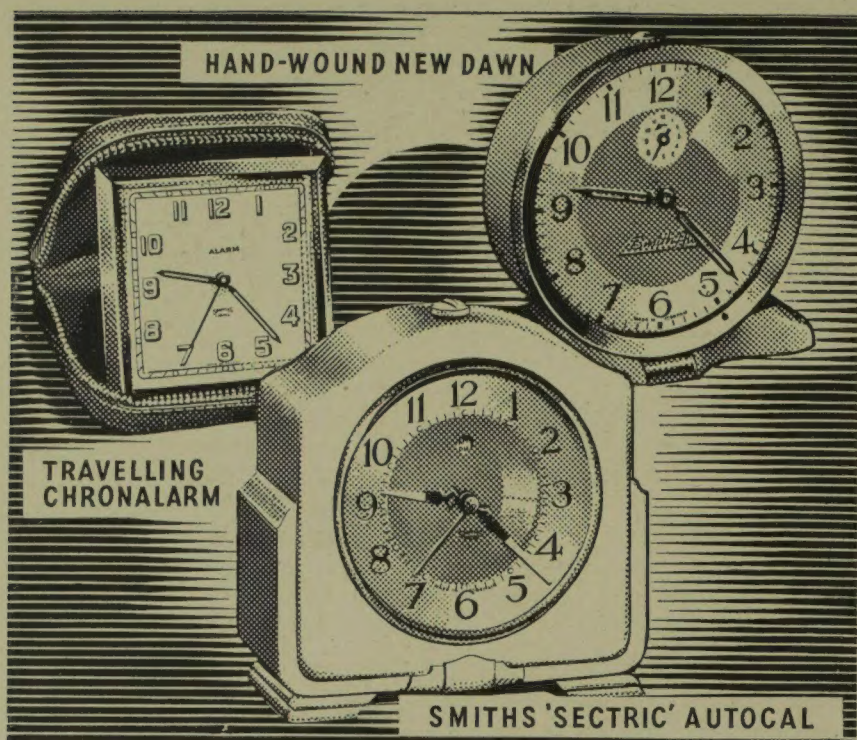
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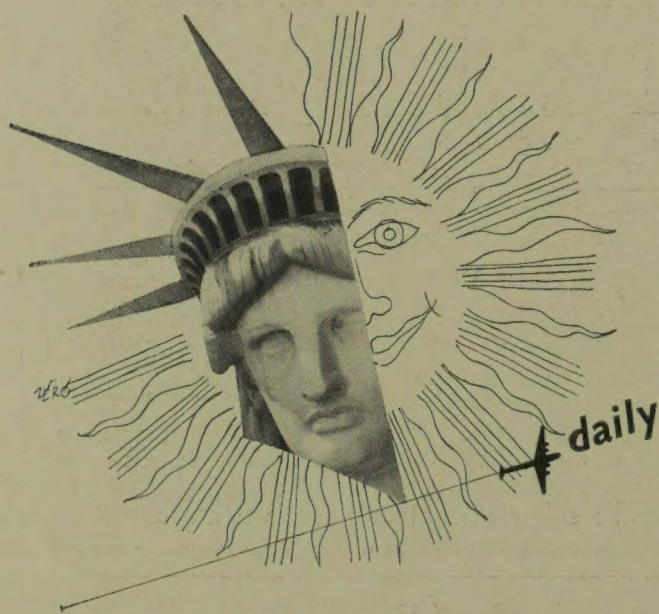


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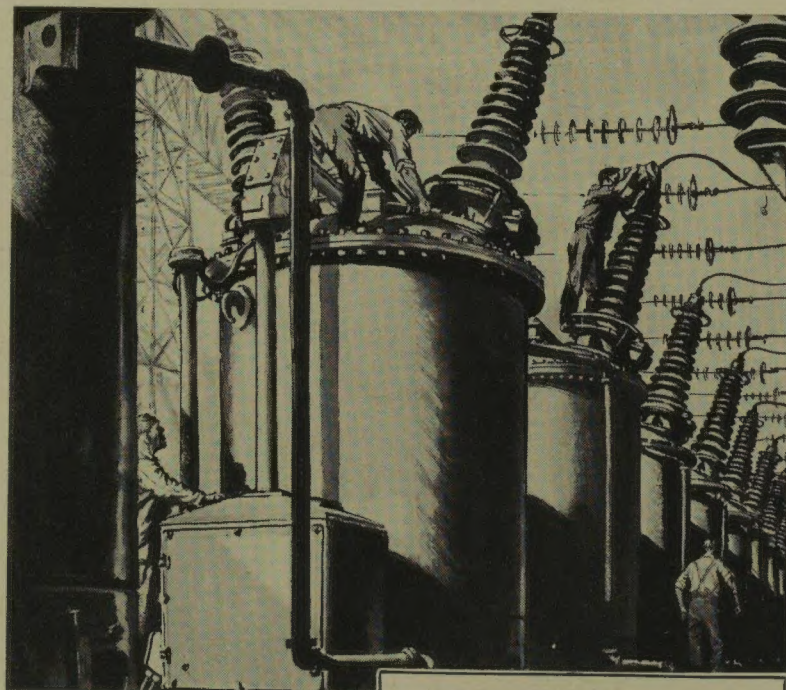
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1950.



**"CONVERSATION PIECE AT ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR GREAT PARK", BY JAMES GUNN:  
A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE PRINCESSES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**

The Royal portraits in this year's Royal Academy, due to open to-day, Saturday, April 29, include the family group by James Gunn which we reproduce on this page. It shows the King and Queen seated at tea at Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, with Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret, while a

favourite Corgi dog lies behind the King's chair. Royal Lodge, where their Majesties frequently spend week-ends, is their private home at Windsor in contrast to their splendid official residence in the historic Castle where their formal entertaining is done. Other Royal Academy exhibits are reproduced elsewhere in this issue.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that one of the worthy men who govern us has announced in public that "no other nation feather-beds its agriculture like Great Britain." I also see that, as a result of this utterance, he has, for the time being at least, ceased to take an active executive share in our government, his colleagues apparently regarding such a statement as being more in the nature of a political liability than an asset. A generation ago utterances like this about agriculture were the accepted commonplaces of politicians of all parties, at any rate when they were in power. The electorate was—and still is—predominantly urban, and was both ignorant of and indifferent to the farmer's plight. It found it cheaper, or imagined it to be cheaper, to buy its food abroad and let the farmlands of England sink into neglect and decay. If the landlord or farmer squealed, so much the worse for the landlord and farmer and so much the better for the Government or political party which "put it across" these unpopular types. Nothing pleased the urban voter more than the thought of a farmer or landlord losing money. People who sold, instead of giving food, gratis, to the country deserved, it was held in "progressive" circles, to lose money.

The latest, though probably by no means the last, exponent of this advanced school of thought forgot, however, one fact about which his predecessors did not have to worry. The people of Britain can no longer buy cheap food easily abroad. This is due to a variety of reasons: the exhaustion and erosion of virgin soils in the New World and elsewhere, so recklessly exploited in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century to provide cheap food for the urban English, the growth of industrial populations requiring sustenance in these countries, and the increasing difficulty of persuading other countries to take our manufactured exports in return for food. It seems highly improbable, though Sir Stafford Cripps and his official aides—and many, I am afraid, of his urban-minded political opponents—go on valiantly hoping so, that the conditions that enabled us to do most of our farming abroad will ever return. More and more we are going to have to feed our own population, which means that we must either radically increase our production of home-grown food or drastically reduce our population to match our only available larder. If we do not, nature will do the latter for us, and in the cruellest way. Already we are having increasingly to do without certain forms of food to which our race has long been accustomed—particularly meat and butter, and that roast beef which the old song tells us was "the Englishman's food." To talk about "feather-bedding" our agriculturists under these circumstances seems rather old-world, even for a politician. For unless we encourage our agriculturists and make it possible for

them to grow more food on poorer soils—a most costly and risky business—we are all of us going to go increasingly hungry in the years ahead. And that will not only affect us, but the whole world, for an undernourished Britain will be a weak Britain—it is already dangerously so from this cause—and a free world without a strong Britain will be a weak and imperilled world. Let no one, whether from Wall Street, Chicago or our own Westminster, be under any illusion about that. The Kremlin, which wishes to see it happen, is under none.

Good farming involves three virtues which it is by no means easy to obtain from human beings. It is probably only the fact that, without it, they must sooner or later starve that has ever enabled them to master the hard art at all. These virtues are faith,

reap the benefit of a guaranteed price he has got, not only to plough and sow, but successfully to grow the produce—vegetable or animal—for which that price is offered. Anyone who imagines that this is an easy, still less an automatic process—and in this country there are still millions—is profoundly ignorant of the conditions of his own existence on this harsh, inclement planet.

And farming requires hard work—for anyone who farms properly, ceaseless work, year in, year out. No one who works in an office or factory has any conception how hard and continuously farming folk have to work. Perhaps the work is good for them, perhaps it is healthy, perhaps it makes for pride and satisfaction. I believe all these things about it to be true, but it does not make it any the less difficult

for man, a naturally lazy and dilatory creature, to overcome the inertia in his nature and work continuously and regularly as agriculture necessitates. It is possible, of course, for a man to work nominally on the land and keep factory and office hours and, worse still, urban standards of application and diligence; indeed, our State is to-day doing its best, in the teeth of a great, noble and salutary tradition, to turn the English farm labourer—the finest worker in the world—into such a half-hearted creature. But no farm can produce adequate results which is served by men with such standards, and no one who is responsible for farming operations and their successful conclusion—no farmer, that is—can apply such standards to his own work and survive. One cannot clock out



SUGGESTIVE OF A GROUNDLED BALLOON OR THE REMAINS OF A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL: THE METHOD BY WHICH PROTECTION FROM THE PUBLIC GAZE IS PRESERVED FOR THE MAHARANEE OF UDAIPUR WHEN SHE ENTERS A RAILWAY TRAIN.

The remarkable scene illustrated by this photograph shows the departure by train of the Maharanee of Udaipur when she recently accompanied her husband on a shooting expedition. The Udaipur family is the highest in rank and dignity among the Rajput Princes of India, and the Maharanee is in strict *Purdah*, and must be protected from the public gaze. In order to preserve this *Purdah* she travels by road in a closed car, and when she leaves the vehicle to enter a train, it is driven on to the platform, and a huge sheet is draped over both the car and the entrance to her compartment, while armed soldiers stand by on guard. Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Maharajahiraja Maharana Sir Bhupal Singhji Bahadur, G.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., who was born in 1884, is head of the Sisodia Rajputs. He is entitled to a permanent salute of nineteen guns.

industry and patience, and all of them in a very marked degree. Faith, first of all, because farming is an act of faith. Anyone who has set to work to tackle a field in the bleak winter or early spring, still more a neglected farm or derelict heath or upland, knows how true this is. It is easy enough to talk about ploughing, sowing and reaping in theory: it is quite another to carry out these activities in actual hard, cold, wet, unrewarding fact. Men do not always reap where they plough and sow; a thousand forces are at work to prevent them doing so. Let those who talk about "feather-bedding" farmers remember this! Farmers are men, like fighting soldiers, who require courage: the courage that comes of faith. And as long as the State leaves the costs and risks of growing the food the nation needs to private individuals, it is going to need men of faith and courage to feed our population. A guaranteed price for farm products is an excellent thing, and a great improvement on the kind of price which the unfortunate farmer got before the war, when we did our farming, as a nation, abroad at the expense of those other nations who were fools enough to let their agriculturists and capitalists cash in on the permanent fertility of their own soil. Yet, before a farmer can

on an animal or any growing, living thing without disaster, any more than can a doctor or a mother. And those who work on the land are doctors and mothers, continuously and eternally, as well as craftsmen, mechanics, muck and sack and pail carriers, and a great many other things.

Above all, farming requires patience—more, I should imagine, than any other activity in the world. No one who looks for any quick results, except soil-exploiters, can safely enter this field, nor any man who is not prepared for ceaseless disappointment! Mr. Strachey and those who embarked on the African ground-nuts scheme know this now, even if they did not know it when they began. Nature is sometimes a rewarding foster-mother, but she is by human standards a very hard one. She is constantly withdrawing her rewards, and seemingly in the most unjust and unaccountable ways. A man may have put everything he has to put into a particular process and have done everything he should have done, and yet lose everything he has staked. That is why monoculture—accountants' farming—is always bad farming. There is no short cut to the feeding of men—or at any rate, none which does not ultimately end in disaster.





THE BERLIN AUDIENCE RISES, AT DR. ADENAUER'S REQUEST, TO SING A VERSE OF "DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES," WHILE THE WESTERN ALLIED COMMANDANTS (IN THE CENTRAL BOX) AND THEIR STAFFS REMAIN SEATED IN PROTEST AGAINST AN ACTION WHICH MAJOR-GENERAL BOURNE DESCRIBED AS "INCORRECT" AND "IN BAD TASTE."



A VIEW OF THE PLATFORM AT THE TITANIA PALAST DURING THE SINGING. THE CENTRAL FIGURE AT THE TABLE IS PROFESSOR REUTER, CHIEF BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN; AND ON HIS LEFT IS DR. ADENAUER, THE FEDERAL CHANCELLOR, WHO, WITHOUT WARNING, CALLED FOR THE THIRD VERSE OF A FORMER GERMAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

#### THE APPEAL TO GERMAN NATIONALISM: "DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES" AND DR. ADENAUER'S PROVOCATIVE ACTION IN BERLIN.

During his visit to Berlin, Dr. Adenauer, the Federal Chancellor of Western Germany, addressed on April 18 a meeting at the Titania Palast, which was attended by the Western Allied Commandants and their staffs. Part of his speech was devoted to Germany's place in Western Europe, and he pointed out that it would be "necessary, clever and wise to bring the Federal Republic into the West European system as soon as possible as a member possessing equality of right." He then devoted much of his speech to an attack on the British-controlled German newspaper *Die Welt*, and ended by calling on the audience to join in singing the third verse of *Deutschland*

*über Alles*, a former German national anthem. The audience rose and sang, the Western Commandants, however, remaining seated. Several Social Democrats, including the Berlin chairman, Herr Franz Neumann, left the theatre in protest. The song is not forbidden, but is now rarely heard except in nationalistic circles. Major-General Bourne, the British Commandant, said that they had had no warning of the intention and considered that the action was "incorrect" and "in bad taste." The singing of the third verse was repeated at an evening meeting the same day, and also at a Christian Democrat rally at Bad Ems on April 22, which Dr. Adenauer addressed.



# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**IN LONDON FOR THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE ANGLO-DANISH SOCIETY: MR. HANS HEDTOFT, PREMIER OF DENMARK, WITH HIS WIFE.**

Hr. Hedtoft, the Socialist Prime Minister of Denmark, arrived in London on April 20 with his wife for a five-day visit. He came mainly to attend the twenty-fifth birthday celebrations of the Anglo-Danish Society, and was present at the dinner at the Dorchester Hotel on April 21, which coincided with his own birthday.



**DR. RUY ULRICH.**

Recently arrived in this country to take up his appointment as Portuguese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. He succeeds the Duke of Palmella, who retired from the London Embassy last December. Dr. Ulrich knows London well, as he was Ambassador here from 1933 to 1936.



**MARSHAL SHAH WALI KHAN.**

The new Afghan Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who is shortly to present his credentials to the King. He is an uncle of King Zahir Shah of Afghanistan and was Ambassador to Pakistan until his recall to Kabul last summer. For many years he was C-in-C. of the Afghan military forces.



**PATROL LEADER JOHN WILKINS.**

The third scout in the history of the Boy Scout movement to be awarded the Gilt Cross and Bar. Fourteen-year-old Patrol Leader John Wilkins of the 22 Troop of Lincoln Scouts received the Cross for rescuing a drowning girl in 1948, and the Bar for rescuing a boy who fell in the River Witham in 1949.



**MR. FREDERICK T. WILLEY.**

Appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food in succession to Mr. Stanley Evans, who resigned after criticising the farmers. Mr. Willey, who was born in 1910, is Labour M.P. for Sunderland. Since 1946 he had been Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Home Secretary. He is a barrister.



**WELCOMING HER HUSBAND UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT SEROWE: MRS. SERETSE KHAMA, WHO WAS RECENTLY REUNITED WITH HER HUSBAND FOR FIVE DAYS.**

Seretse Khama arrived at Serowe, Bechuanaland, early on the morning of April 16 on a five-day visit to see his wife. Mrs. Khama, the former Ruth Williams, of London, ran to meet him when she saw his truck arriving. Seretse Khama, chief-designate of the Bamangwato tribe, has now resumed his exile at Lobatsi.



**MRS. M. D. LAW.**

Editor of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," and probably the first woman to undertake such an all-embracing task. Mrs. Law was educated in Scotland and at Girton College, Cambridge. She was a director of "Encyclopædia Britannica" from 1925 to 1943. The new "Chambers's Encyclopædia" is in fifteen volumes.



**TO TOUR ENGLAND THIS SUMMER: MEMBERS OF THE WEST INDIES CRICKET TEAM, WHO HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AS THE STRONGEST SIDE EVER TO LEAVE THE WEST INDIES.**

Twelve members of the West Indies Cricket Team to tour England landed at Southampton on April 10. Their captain, J. Goddard, said they hoped to give a good account of themselves. Our photograph shows: (Standing, l. to r.) W. Ferguson (scorer); C. L. Walcott; A. Valentine; H. Johnson; P. Jones; L. Pierre and R. S. Ramadhin. (Sitting, l. to r.) R. Marshall; R. J. Christian; G. E. Gomez; J. Goddard (captain); E. Weekes; C. B. Williams and A. F. Rae.



**LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HAROLD BRIGGS.**

Director of Operations in Malaya; said on April 17 that agreement on broad policy in the campaign had been reached by the "War Cabinet," of which he is chairman. Sir Harold has appointed a small staff as liaison officers, comprising representatives of the police, Army, Government and Intelligence. He said he was at liberty "to direct anybody to anything."



**LORD BERNERS.**

Lord Berners, the author, painter and composer, died on April 19, aged sixty-six. He wrote several ballets, including "The Wedding Bouquet" (1937), for which he also designed the décor. Exhibitions of oil paintings by Lord Berners were held at the Lefèvre Galleries in 1931 and 1936. Lord Berners wrote a number of books, including two volumes of autobiography, "First Childhood" and "A Distant Prospect"; "The Girls of Radcliff Hall," and "The Romance of a Nose."



**SIR RALPH STEVENSON.**

Appointed Ambassador at Cairo in succession to Sir Ronald Campbell, who will soon be retiring. Sir Ralph, who is fifty-four, was Ambassador to China, 1946-1949. He has served in the Diplomatic Service in 1919. He has served in Copenhagen, Berlin, Sofia, The Hague, Cairo and Barcelona. He was Minister at Montevideo, 1941-43, and Ambassador to Yugoslavia, 1943-46.



**MR. RICHARD L. SPEAIGHT.**

Appointed Ambassador in Rangoon in succession to Mr. R. J. Bowker, who is returning to the Foreign Office. Mr. Speaight, who is forty-four, joined the Foreign Office in 1929 and has served in Budapest, Warsaw and Cairo. For the last two years he has been head of the Information Policy Department in the Foreign Office. He was awarded the C.M.G. in the 1949 New Year Honours.



**MR. WARWICK DEEPING.**

Mr. Warwick Deeping, a skilful and prolific novelist, died on April 20 at the age of seventy-two. His thirty-third book, "Sorrell and Son," published in 1925, became a best-seller and gave him an assured place as a successful novelist. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He intended to take up a medical career but after a year in practice he abandoned medicine for literature. Mr. Deeping wrote in all some fifty or sixty books.



## CAMERA NEWS FROM FOUR COUNTRIES: A MISCELLANY OF RECENT EVENTS.



AN EPILOGUE OF THE AGE: THE CANADIAN AVRO JETLINER, WHICH FLEW FROM TORONTO TO NEW YORK IN 59 MINUTES, CRUISING OVER THE TALL TOWERS OF MANHATTAN. On April 18, a Canadian Avro Jetliner, powered with four Rolls-Royce Derwent turbo-jet engines, flew from Toronto to New York in 59 minutes. The normal flying time between the two cities is 1 hour 50 minutes. The aircraft flew over New York a few days later, and is being prepared for a Transatlantic flight.



PARADING AT WINDSOR FOR THE ST. GEORGE'S DAY SERVICE: PART OF THE CONTINGENT OF KING'S SCOUTS AND OTHERS, MARCHING PAST THE TOWERS OF WINDSOR CASTLE. On April 23, St. George's Day, a contingent of King's Scouts and holders of Scout Gallantry awards attended the National Scouts' Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle; and marched past the King in the Quadrangle. The Queen and Princess Margaret were also present. The contingent was under the charge of Lord Rowallan and Mr. A. W. Hurl.



AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: (L. TO R.) SIR FREDERICK ROWLAND (LORD MAYOR OF LONDON); HIS DAUGHTER, DEPUTY LADY MAYORESS; ALDERMAN COOPER (MAYOR OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON); HIS DAUGHTER, THE MAYORESS; MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS; MRS. DOUGLAS; THE TOWN CLERK.

A plaque in the foyer of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was unveiled on April 22 by Mr. Douglas, the American Ambassador. The tablet is a tribute to American help towards the building and endowment of the theatre. Our photograph of Mr. Douglas and others was taken in the garden of Shakespeare's house.



THE WORDSWORTH CENTENARY: THE PROCESSION AFTER THE SERVICE ON APRIL 23 TO THE WORDSWORTH GRAVE AT GRASMERE. THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK CAN BE SEEN (LEFT).

The centenary of William Wordsworth's death was commemorated on April 23 with a service at Grasmere at which the Archbishop of York spoke of Wordsworth's message to our own time. On the previous day there was a gathering at Cockermouth, the poet's birthplace, and a service was held in the garden of Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth died. An exhibition of Wordsworth's manuscripts and first editions is being held at the British Museum.



THE FIRST WEST END EXHIBITION OF THE L.C.C. CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS: TWO FORMER STUDENTS EXAMINING PRINTED FABRICS.

For the first time in its fifty years' existence, the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts has been exhibiting in the West End of London. For ten days from April 19, printed and woven fabrics designed by students were on view to the public at the Rayon Industry Design Centre, at No. 1, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1.



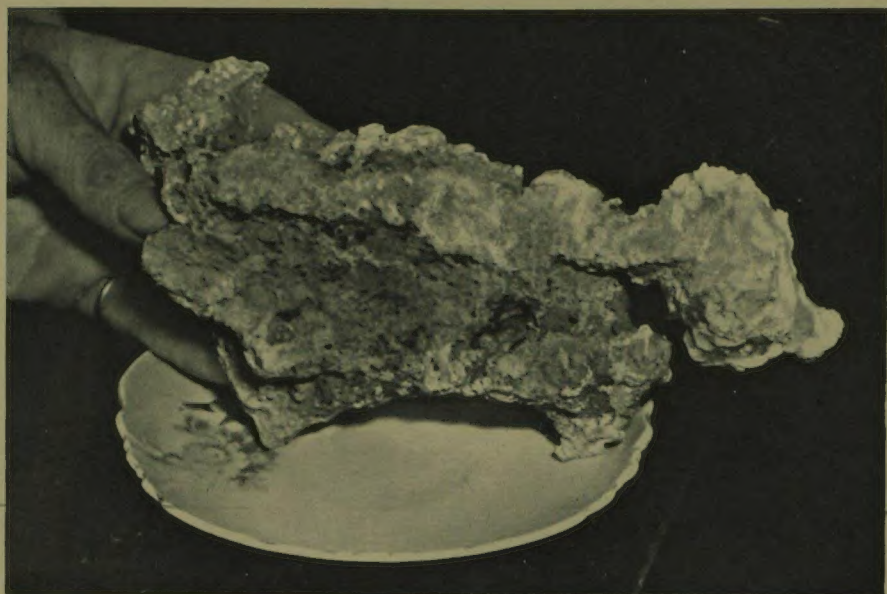
DR. ADENAUER IN BERLIN—ON THE DAY BEFORE HE "EMBARRASSED" COMMANDANTS AND BERLINERS ALIKE BY LEADING THE SINGING OF "DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES." Elsewhere in this issue we report Dr. Adenauer's ill-timed appeal to German nationalism in Berlin. This photograph, taken the day before the incident, shows (r. to l.): Major-General Bourne (British Commandant); Dr. Adenauer; General Ganeval (French Commandant); Major-General M. D. Taylor (U.S. Commandant); unidentified; Professor Reuter (Chief Burgomaster of Berlin).





AN AMERICAN DEVICE WHICH ENABLES PERSONS WITH LIMITED VISION TO READ ORDINARY NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES AND BOOKS: THE PROJECTION MAGNIFIER IN USE. The Projection Magnifier has been developed at the Franklin Institute Laboratories for Research and Development in Philadelphia, and is now in the final testing stage. The instrument magnifies normal print to five times original size and is fully portable. When a page is placed on a tray at the bottom and a lens lowered against it, an illuminated magnification appears on a ground glass screen.

## INVENTIONS, A DISCOVERY, AND A REVOLT: NEWS FROM ABROAD IN PICTURES.



VALUED AT £1300 AND FOUND IN A BACK-YARD: A 5-LB. GOLD NUGGET UNEARTHED AT WEDDERBURN, IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, AND NAMED "GOLD RETRIEVER."

In our issue of April 15 we illustrated and described the "minor gold rush" in the small township of Wedderburn, in Victoria, Australia, where gold has been unearthed in back-yards and in the main street. The nugget shown here was found by the Butterick family in their back-yard.



A FORGOTTEN PIONEER OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO: THE MARCUS CAR, WHICH WAS RECENTLY BROUGHT OUT OF THE VIENNA TECHNICAL MUSEUM.



BUILT ON THE LINES OF A BICYCLE: THE FIRST BENZ MOTOR-CAR, BUILT IN 1885.

On April 16 a forgotten pioneer of motor transport was honoured in Vienna when the Marcus car was brought out of the Vienna Technical Museum and given a ceremonial run at some 5 m.p.h. It was built in 1875, ten years before the first Benz and Daimler cars, and has heavy, wooden, iron-bound wheels. Herr Marcus made only one journey in the vehicle and it was then put in a stable where it remained until it was discovered some thirty years ago and given a place of honour in the museum.



THE ADVENT OF THE "TIN LIZZIE": A 1904 FORD TYPE "T," THE FIRST SERIAL MANUFACTURED CAR.



THE LEADER OF AN ARMY REVOLT IN MACASSAR: CAPTAIN ANDI ABDUL AZIZ, A FORMER PARATROOPER.

On April 5 rebel troops led by Captain Andi Abdul Aziz overpowered the Federal troops in Macassar, the capital of East Indonesia, and occupied the wireless station and docks. Their action was designed to prevent the Central Government in Jakarta from increasing the strength of the Federal troops already in Macassar. On April 14 Captain Abdul Aziz arrived in Jakarta to negotiate, and was



PATROLLING THE STREETS AFTER THE FALL OF MACASSAR: CAPTAIN ABDUL AZIZ'S TROOPS IN A BREN-CARRIER.



GUARDING THE DOCK AREA AFTER THE CAPTURE OF MACASSAR: A BREN-GUNNER OF THE AZIZ FORCE.

promptly placed under arrest, as the Federal Government regarded his decision to come to Jakarta as "unconditional surrender." On April 19 it was officially announced in Jakarta that the rebel forces in Macassar had surrendered unconditionally to the acting commander of the Federal forces in Macassar, Major Pieters. Captain Abdul Aziz is twenty-six years old and was formerly a paratrooper.





DELIVERING THE CUSTOMARY ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS: LORD BURGHLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC COMMITTEE, INSTALLED AS RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.

**L**ORD BURGHLEY, famous athlete and Chairman of the British Olympic Committee, was installed as Rector of St. Andrews University on April 20 at the Younger Graduation Hall by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James C. Irvine, who had previously conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. On April 19 Lord Burghley had received a warm welcome from the students, who had organised a "rag" for his benefit. He was taken on a tour of the decorated streets of the town in a man-drawn Victorian open carriage preceded by the University S.T.C. pipe band. Various ceremonies took place on the route, in which Lord Burghley had to eat a meat pie and drink a tankard of beer from a bucket solemnly drawn up from an old well. In Castle Street he was handed an outside hookah filled with straw and benzine which he "smoked" before being made "Lord High Chief Pipe Smoker," by women students from Wardlaw Hall.

(RIGHT.) THE INSTALLATION OF LORD BURGHLEY AS RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: WOMEN STUDENTS DOING THEIR TRADITIONAL "SNAKE-WALK" TO THE YOUNGER GRADUATION HALL.

## THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY INSTALLED: LORD BURGHLEY TAKES OFFICE WITH FULL CEREMONIAL.

(RIGHT.) AFTER THE CEREMONY OF INSTALLATION IN THE YOUNGER GRADUATION HALL: LORD BURGHLEY, THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY, WITH SIR JAMES IRVINE (RIGHT), PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR.



THOROUGHLY ENJOYING THE "RAG" WITH WHICH HE WAS WELCOMED TO ST. ANDREWS: LORD BURGHLEY TOURING THE TOWN IN A MAN-DRAWN VICTORIAN OPEN CARRIAGE.



IN HONOUR OF THE NEW RECTOR: STUDENTS IN THE QUAD AWAITING THE START OF A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION WITH WHICH THE CEREMONIES ENDED.



IN the middle of this month, the South African Prime Minister, Dr. Malan, announced that he would seek to reopen negotiations with the British Government about the future of the British Protectorates in South Africa. Up to the time of writing he had made no direct approach to Whitehall, and was still engaged in the task of seeking authority from his own Parliament. Even before his speech, however, it was thoroughly understood that the approach would be made. There has been no surprise about the matter, no undue haste, and no suggestion of an unfriendly spirit. The desire of South Africa that the Protectorates should be transferred to its keeping is one of long standing and independent of party. It is of particular importance to bear in mind that General Smuts, whose attitude to the native question has been very different from that of Dr. Malan, and who has been a severe critic of the Government's policy in this respect, gave his approval to the projected action of the Prime Minister. It will certainly be admitted, even from a casual glance at the map, that South Africa can make a good *prima facie* case for the transfer. It seems entirely natural, and it has precedents in other parts of the Commonwealth and Empire.

It seems clear, moreover, that Dr. Malan is proceeding on the most suitable lines. It had been stated that it was his intention to address a petition from the Union Parliament to the King, praying him to use his power under the South Africa Act to transfer these territories. There would have been nothing unconstitutional in such a procedure, but it would have been difficult, embarrassing, and perhaps abortive. The Statute of Westminster left some vague or blank constitutional spaces, and one of them was the possibility that different advice might be tendered to the King by the heads of two of his Governments on a controversial point affecting both. It looks as though this dilemma, at all events, would be avoided. Dr. Malan, according to present information, has decided on the simpler course of resuming negotiations between the Governments of the Union of South Africa and the United Kingdom which were in progress in 1939, and were interrupted by the outbreak of the Second World War. We do not know what lines they followed or how far they had got, but General Smuts, who was a member of the Union Government then headed by General Hertzog, has stated that they were proceeding in a satisfactory way, with good hopes of a friendly agreement.

I have spoken of "a casual glance at the map" as supporting the South African claim. It is, however, a great deal stronger than would be gathered from geographical conditions, or even from economic conditions allied with geographical. The settlement which followed the South African War—in which, it may be noted, the young Mr. Winston Churchill, then a junior Minister, played a prominent part—foresaw the transfer. This was the South Africa Act of 1909, which brought the Union to birth. It covered arrangements for this transfer to take place at a later date and in a schedule laid down certain conditions and safeguards for the protection of native rights. So far the case is indeed a strong one. It must, however, be remembered that the situation has since been greatly changed by the Statute of Westminster. The safeguards in the schedule have in effect disappeared. It would no longer be open to the British Government to disallow a South African law made for the Protectorates if it were considered to infringe upon native rights, as was laid down in the original terms of the South Africa Act. It therefore became a reasonable precaution on the part of the British Government, before there could be any question of transfer, to secure from the Union Government assurances on native rights and also to obtain the consent of the inhabitants of the territories to their incorporation in the Union. Failure to be frank about the matter would render discussion of it useless. It must be said that there has been another and much more unfavourable change in the situation since the Statute of Westminster came into force. This has been the trend of South African Nationalist native policy and its development since the present Nationalist Government came into power. This has come as a great disappointment to friends of the native races in our country. The doctrine of *apartheid* held by the party which stands behind that Government is in many respects unpleasant to public opinion over here, and, even if we set feelings of justice and humanity aside, might be perilous to the Commonwealth from a purely material point of view. Public opinion has become sensitive on the point, as has been proved by the heavy and almost

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CASE OF THE AFRICAN PROTECTORATES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

universal criticism aroused by the official treatment of Seretse Khama, a chief from one of the Protectorates. Far from there having been a gradual amelioration of the position of natives in the Union—as the normal development of world opinion on the subject would have insured—their status has been weakened by South African regulations, and its future, in view of some of the pronouncements of Dr. Malan, looks far from bright. In these circumstances, the British Government will have to give serious thought to the question as to whether, and on what terms, it will be right and proper to assent to the transfer of the



THE UNION GOVERNMENT'S CLAIM TO THE BRITISH PROTECTORATES IN SOUTH AFRICA: A MAP SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITIONS OF BECHUANALAND, SWAZILAND AND BASUTOLAND.  
"The Times" copyright map.



A GAUCH OF THE VELD: THE PICTURESQUE APPEARANCE OF A BASUTO HORSEMAN WEARING A HOME-MADE STRAW HAT AND BOLDLY-PATTERNED BLANKET AND ARMED WITH A FLY-WHISK.

Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland to the South African Union.

According to the evidence of anthropologists and others interested in the fortunes of the native races of South Africa, the situation of the population of these protectorates, or High Commission territories, is in many respects superior to that of those in the Union. Not that these experts are wholly content with the British system of administration; they consider, indeed, that there is a good deal which calls for amendment. And, as I have already pointed out, they feel that the treatment of Seretse Khama at least suggests a doubt whether our present attitude to the subject is as enlightened as it ought to be. We have, however, striven to take precautions against the break-up of tribal communities caused by



WEARING THE NATIVE HEAD-RING MADE OF BEESWAX AND THE ROOT OF A PLANT: A MEMBER OF THE SWAZILAND PRIVY COUNCIL.



COLLECTING TAXES IN BECHUANALAND: BAMANGWATO TRIBESMEN PAYING THEIR DUES TO A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FORMER REGENT, TSEKEDI KHAMA.

the conditions of labour in that part of the world, and we have, or consider that we have, taken a broader-minded view of native rights and native development than the present South African Government, perhaps even than that of its predecessor. We have given a firm undertaking to

consult local opinion before consenting to the transfer sought by the Union. We have not, it is true, pledged ourselves to secure native consent before sanctioning such a transfer, but the undertaking which has been given does not require much stretching to make it amount to that. I have no intention of belittling the responsibility of the South African Government in the administration of the native races. It is heavy—indeed, grave. The whole future of the European community in South African territories may depend upon the problem being solved in a wise and statesmanlike way. At the same time, this responsibility is not as great as that of Britain, which is far more widely extended. The unrest and rioting which have taken place in West Africa provide evidence that native opinion, in areas far distant from the Union, has become excitable and touchy, largely as a result of the unsettling influences of the late war. When we are called upon to deal with a South African problem we cannot divorce it from native problems all over Africa and perhaps even outside the continent. The eyes of the world are fixed upon us even more closely than upon South Africa and its Nationalist Government, and we have recently had proof that the world contains many not altogether friendly critics of our dealings with undeveloped races. Common prudence unites with humanitarian sentiment to warn us to be cautious.

The native races of Africa still lag for the most part behind those of Asia in culture and civilisation, but even they are not standing still, and the lesson of Asia is too insistent to be ignored. There contact with the Japanese, the most advanced materially—though only materially—of the Asiatic civilisations, has brought about a sharp and bitter reaction against any hint of European exploitation and, indeed, an anti-European sentiment such as had not been witnessed in the continent for many years. We may think that Asiatics have been unwise and have often harmed their own interests by trying to move too fast, but what counts is what they think, not what we think. Africans have not at the moment the power to imitate them, though it would be unwise to assume that they never will have; but they have the power to cripple administration, to strangle production and trade, and to render existence in communities in which black and white dwell together side by side almost intolerable. Communist ideas, if only because of their simplicity and intelligibility, make a ready appeal to them. Rough and tactless treatment might at this time create a veritable spiritual malady over a great part of Africa, with incalculable results to Europe.

I am bound to say, therefore, that I cannot see the British Government readily consenting to the coming demand from South Africa, and that, however near we came to a settlement in 1939, it is not going to be easy to reach one now. This is clearly a case where, if the Government were to accede to the South African request, it would have to be fortified in advance by the assent, not only of the Parliament of this country, but also by that of public opinion at large. Public opinion may be over-sensitive and may be formed without the support of adequate information; but there can be no denying that on questions of social and political justice it has, after a period of apathy, become as strong as it used to be in

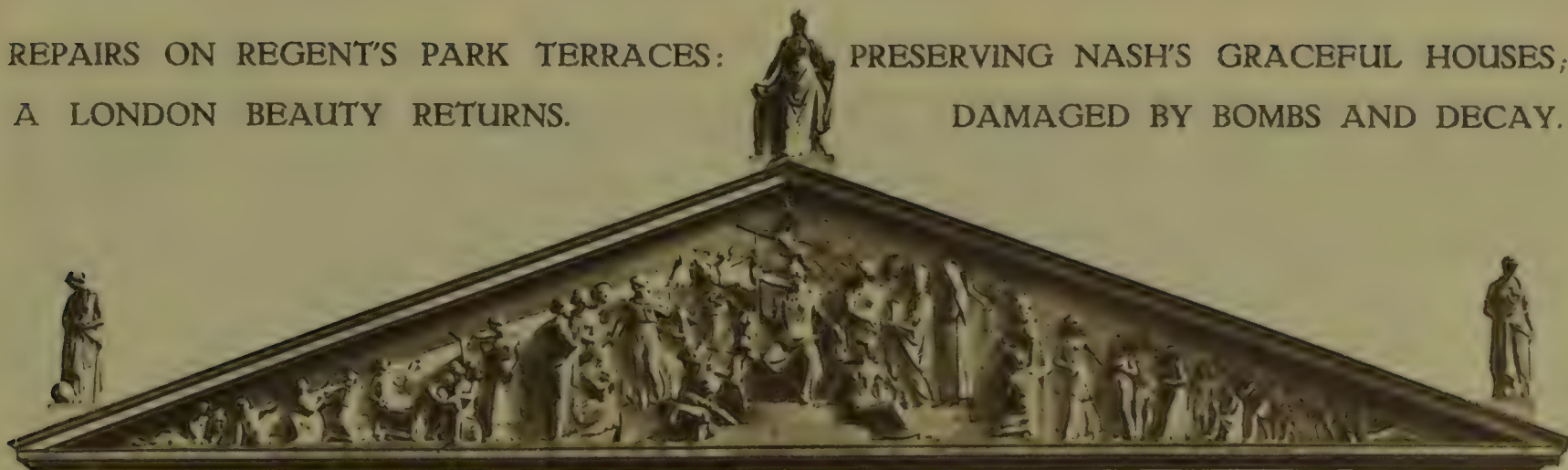
the days of Gladstone. I do not think that any Government would venture to disregard it today, whereas two or three years ago it was hardly necessary for a Government even to consider it. And if there is any prejudice on this particular subject of the Protectorates, it is likely to be directed against the Government of the Union rather than against the native Africans of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland. This is a pity, but there it is, and it must be admitted that Dr. Malan himself has been partly responsible for this state of affairs.

The Government itself will, we trust, be immune from prejudice. It will meet the South African demand when it comes courteously and examine it scrupulously. But it will do well to start with a resolution to shun the accommodation of mere expediency, since what seems expedient on the face of it at the present moment may in the long run prove to be worse than the contrary, to mark, indeed, the suicide of the white races in Africa. If it is thought that I am putting the matter too high, I would retort that it is not within the power of any of us to foresee all the disasters which might flow from unjust dealings with the natives of Africa now. And if in Africa one side or the other must be disappointed, there cannot, to my mind, be any doubt as to how the British Government ought to act. It ought to reply to the Union Government that the time was not ripe, and that the present arrangements ought to be continued until it was clear that a transfer could be made without injustice being done or seeming to be done.



REPAIRS ON REGENT'S PARK TERRACES:  
A LONDON BEAUTY RETURNS.

PRESERVING NASH'S GRACEFUL HOUSES;  
DAMAGED BY BOMBS AND DECAY.



THOROUGHLY RESTORED BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: THE SCULPTURED PEDIMENT IN STUCCO, BY J. G. HUBB, WHICH ADORNS CUMBERLAND TERRACE.



ILLUSTRATING THE EXTENT OF THE RESTORATION WORK WHICH IS BEING CARRIED OUT: A VIEW OF SUSSEX PLACE, REGENT'S PARK, FROM THE GARDEN SIDE.



THE EXTERIOR OF A GREAT HOUSE AT THE END OF SUSSEX PLACE: IT HAS NOW BEEN CAREFULLY RESTORED, AND THE STUCCO ENRICHMENTS WILL BE REPLACED LATER.



SHOWING THE SPLENDID EFFECT OF THE PEDIMENT, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN DETAIL AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE: THE PARK FRONT OF CUMBERLAND TERRACE.



DETAIL OF A PORTION OF A HOUSE IN SUSSEX PLACE BEFORE REPAIR: THE HOUSES IN NASH'S TERRACES SUFFERED FROM WAR DAMAGE AND DECAY.

THE Regent's Park terraces, designed by John Nash and mostly erected between 1812 and 1828, are among the architectural beauties of London, and much anxiety as to their future was felt at the end of the war, when enemy action, dry-rot and neglect consequent on war conditions had combined to reduce them to a ruinous state. In our issue of May 24, 1947, at the time when the recommendations of a committee appointed by the Prime Minister to consider the question had been published as a White Paper, we gave a double page of drawings by Bryan de Grineau illustrating their condition. The recommendations took the form of a long-term planning, and urged that Government use of 212 of these houses should cease at the earliest possible date. Repairs are now in progress, the Commissioners for Crown Lands being responsible for houses let on lease, and the Office of Works for those held by the Government.



SHOWING HOW THE CAPITALS AND THE STUCCO COVERING THE COLUMNS HAVE DECAYED AND PERISHED: DETAIL IN SUSSEX PLACE.



# IMMORTALISED BY HER FAMOUS WAXWORKS: MADAME TUSSAUD.



MODELLED FROM LIFE BY MADAME TUSSAUD: THE FRENCH ROYAL FAMILY, SHOWING (CENTRE) LOUIS XVI., MADAME ROYALE, MARIE ANTOINETTE, AND THE DAUPHIN.



MODELLED FROM LIFE BY MADAME TUSSAUD IN PARIS IN 1789: COUNT DE LORGE, WHO WAS TAKEN TO MADAME TUSSAUD'S HOME AFTER BEING RELEASED FROM THE BASTILLE.



A SOUVENIR OF THE FAMOUS FORTRESS, WHICH FELL BEFORE THE FURY OF THE POPULACE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: THE KEY TO THE BASTILLE.



STILL GUARDING THE ENTRANCE OF THE EXHIBITION WHICH SHE STARTED IN 1802: MADAME TUSSAUD, A SELF-PORTRAIT AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-TWO.



A GRIM RELIC OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: THE ORIGINAL GUILLOTINE KNIFE WITH WHICH LOUIS XVI., MARIE ANTOINETTE AND OTHERS WERE BEHEADED.



MADE BY MADAME TUSSAUD AT THE MADELEINE WITHIN MINUTES OF THEIR EXECUTION: DEATH HEADS OF LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.



MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION 110 YEARS AGO: A SCENE IN THE PORTMAN ROOMS, BAKER STREET, IN 1840, AS SHOWN IN A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

April 15, 1950, marked the centenary of the death of Madame Tussaud, who died at 58, Baker Street, at the age of ninety. This remarkable old lady's name has been immortalised by her waxworks exhibition, which has now become world famous. Madame Tussaud, née Anne Marie Grosholtz, was born at Berne in 1760, and learnt the art of wax-modelling from her uncle, who lived in Paris. In 1780 Marie took up residence at the French Court, where she spent nine happy years as

art tutor to Madame Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI. When the Reign of Terror started in 1793, she was forced to take death masks from the guillotined heads, and was herself imprisoned. In 1795 she married François Tussaud, and in 1802 she brought her most important exhibits to England, where she opened at the old Lyceum Theatre, in the Strand. In 1835 Madame Tussaud established her Exhibition in Baker Street, and in 1841 handed the business over to her two sons

[Continued opposite.]



# FROM "TERROR" DEATH MASKS TO A WORLD-FAMOUS' WAX GALLERY.



BEHIND BARS IN A CELL IN "THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS": (L. TO R.) PIERRE LAVAL, JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP, ADOLF HITLER, HERMANN GOERING, DR. PAUL GOEBBELS AND BENITO MUSSOLINI.



MODELLED BY MADAME TUSSAUD FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



MADE IN THE MIDDLE YEARS OF HER REIGN: A MODEL OF QUEEN VICTORIA, WHOSE VERY NAME RECALLS PROSPERITY.



THE FIRST MURDERER TO BE CAUGHT BY THE USE OF WIRELESS: DR. CRIPPEN, WHO POISONED HIS WIFE.



PRESIDENT OF AMERICA AT THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR: ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WHO DIED AT THE HAND OF AN ASSASSIN.



A MODERN ACTRESS IN WAX: VIVIEN LEIGH IN A COPY OF A GOWN WHICH SHE WORE IN "GONE WITH THE WIND."



WAX AND THE MAN: GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, OUR MOST FAMOUS LIVING PLAYWRIGHT, TAKES HIS PLACE IN THE SILENT COMPANY.



THE COMMANDER OF THE IMMORTAL EIGHTH ARMY: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE.



A GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO BECAME SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER IN WORLD WAR II: GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER.



THE DEATH OF THE VICTOR AT TRAFALGAR: NELSON, BRITAIN'S GREATEST NAVAL HERO, IN THE COCKPIT OF VICTORY ASKING HARDY WITH HIS FAILING BREATH, "HOW GOES THE BATTLE?"

Continued.] and retired. To-day this great exhibition, which contains models of many famous and infamous characters, is still being run by Madame Tussaud's descendants. One of the greatest disasters in the history of the exhibition took place in 1925, when most of the historic collection was destroyed by fire. But Mr. John Tussaud, helped by his son Bernard, set to work to rebuild the models from the priceless moulds,

which had by good fortune been saved. Three years later Madame Tussaud's opened its doors once more. During World War II., on the first night of the Blitz, Tussaud's was badly damaged, the cinema and restaurant being destroyed. Fortunately the exhibition escaped serious damage, and three months later was once again open to the public and attracting visitors even during the war.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

**A**N immense amount of nonsense has been written and talked about Edelweiss, more, probably, than about most other plants. It has been reputed rare and

difficult to cultivate, and to be found only at immense altitudes and in the most "caretakeful" situations. For half a century or more it ranked with the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry as one of the most hard-worked journalistic hardy-annual, silly-season standbys. Summer after summer, silly season after silly season, no tripper could become dead in Switzerland without its being reported in the papers that he met his death "gathering Edelweiss." Always it was in Switzerland that this thing happened. In the adjoining French Alps, where Edelweiss is just as plentiful, tourists were allowed, journalistically, to die in any way they wished. Once or twice during those years I thought of visiting the Swiss Alps—though in the end I always went to France, Italy, Austria or Spain. But I had decided that if it should be Switzerland, it would be a wise precaution to carry in my pocket a card, saying: "I was *not* gathering Edelweiss," just in case of misadventure by train, road or car.

It's really very odd that this modest, mousey little plant in white flannel should have gathered to itself such an aura of drama and romance. The truth is that it is by no means rare in the Alps, and does not affect extreme altitudes. I do not remember ever finding it much above 7000 ft., and it descends a good deal lower than that. It is local and patchy in occurrence, rather than rare. One may traverse miles of alp without seeing Edelweiss, and then find it in great abundance among thin herbage on perfectly level ground. It is in popular centres and near big Alpine hotels that the plant becomes rare, and that Edelweiss fatalities—if any—occur. Tourists set out in boots or shoes which are without proper nails. On short, dry grass un-nailed leather soles quickly become dangerously polished and slippery. A tourist, shod thus, is likely to slip on some otherwise perfectly safe little grassy slope, and slide over some silly little precipice over which he has no right to slip, and so become a genuine "Edelweiss" tragedy. On the other hand, he may get off with a nasty scare—and a good Alpine adventure story, which will last a lifetime and improve with age.

In early July, 1948, I was staying at the Col de Lautaret in the Dauphiné Alps, and walked, one afternoon, up the great Galibier motor road towards the Galibier Pass. In limy roadside rubble, and within a couple of feet of the wheel tracks of daily motor-coaches and innumerable cars, I came upon a flourishing colony of Edelweiss. A tuft which I dug up, and later planted in ordinary loam in my garden, is now a hearty turf of silky-white foliage. Last summer the plant flowered and gave seed, which is sown, and should be up any minute now. Rare, dangerous to collect, difficult to grow—romantic fiddlesticks! But half-a-mile farther up that superbly engineered highway, I met romance coming down. A pleasant-looking British couple in tweeds, sun-glasses and ice-axes were making a determined descent of the Galibier Pass.

## EDELWEISS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

In passing they gave me "bong jour." With them, looking slightly embarrassed, as though he did not wish to appear to be with them, was a fine and typical Alpine guide. He carried a rope, but it was not in use. I learned later that they had arrived in the district, and having heard of the Galibier "Pass," had selected it for an "ascent," and being inexperienced climbers had engaged a guide for the adventure. I sincerely hope they found my colony of Edelweiss. It would have given a tinge of reflected danger and romance to a walk on which the only real danger could have been from passing charabancs.

There are several good reasons for growing Edelweiss in the rock-garden. When you take superior persons round your Alpine territories—advanced specialists in rarities

—a plant or two of Edelweiss gives them a chance of being superior about such a banality. On the other hand, to the complete ignoramus a solitary Edelweiss is a godsend. It is the one plant he can be sure of recognising, and even addressing by name. At the same time, it is likely to gain you immense kudos for possessing so priceless a treasure.

But the best reason of all for growing Edelweiss is that it is really a very pretty and charming little plant, with its turf of narrow, intensely silvery leaves and its central boss of minute flowers set in a jagged starfish of frosty white felt. And it is perfectly easy to grow. You can raise it from seed and plant it in ordinary loam, though it is probable that in rather poor, gritty, limy soil it will remain dwarfer and whiter than in fatter, richer fare. But it is not fussy. The one thing that it does demand is full sunshine. There are a number of forms and varieties of Edelweiss, but the common Alpine type, *Leontopodium alpinum*, is the pleasantest to have. On a table rock-garden exhibit at Chelsea Show last year, I saw a very striking Edelweiss, but unfortunately did not make a note of its name. With a stem only five or so inches high, it had an immensely large and wide-spreading flower-head, which drooped down, suggesting a sort of skeleton pagoda in white felt. Doubtless—if it is a growable plant—it will appear again, so that one will be able to acquire a specimen and grow it, instead of just gaping at it in astonishment at a show. It is certainly an attractive thing. Several distinct species of Edelweiss have come from the Far East. *Leontopodium stracheyi* is a vigorous grower which is very easy to manage. It forms eventually a fine perennial tuft, which produces great numbers of 6- to 9-inch stems, each with its typical silvery, ragged, felty star of a flower-head. Compared with *L. alpinum* it is perhaps a trifle coarse, and not quite so densely silver-white, but it is a good, reliable rock-garden plant nevertheless.

The late Reginald Farrer sent home from one of his Far Eastern expeditions a most interesting and distinctive Edelweiss, *Leontopodium aloysiodorum* (now called *L. haplophyloides*). From a tuft of fine, narrow, silvery leaves it sends up slender, wiry, 5-inch stems carrying rather small flower-heads—small, but in the true Edelweiss manner. It is a modest plant,

rather on the insignificant side. But it has one surprising attribute—its scent. The common *L. alpinum* has little scent. In a whole bunch of its flowers you may detect a not unpleasant greenish-grey fragrance. But Farrer's Edelweiss smells strongly of lemon. It's the whole plant that smells, when stroked or otherwise irritated, and it's a rather rich, oily, lemon fragrance.

*Leontopodium aloysiodorum* is an interesting test plant to show to friends. Introduce them to it, and make them smell it, and note how many are able to resist the dreadful—the obvious—"lemonadelweiss."



EDELWEISS; A PLANT WHICH HAS ACHIEVED THE STATUS OF A TROPHY AND AROUND WHICH AN EXTRAORDINARY ATMOSPHERE OF ROMANCE HAS DEVELOPED; BUT OF WHICH MR. ELLIOTT WRITES: "THE BEST REASON OF ALL FOR GROWING EDELWEISS IS THAT IT IS REALLY A VERY PRETTY AND CHARMING LITTLE PLANT, WITH ITS TURF OF NARROW, INTENSELY SILVER LEAVES AND ITS CENTRAL BOSS OF MINUTE FLOWERS SET IN A JAGGED STARFISH OF FROSTY WHITE FELT. AND IT IS PERFECTLY EASY TO GROW."

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## THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1950: PICTURES BY MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



*Continued.]*  
has proved the inspiration for one of Mr. Churchill's most successful works. The Calanques, which are depicted in the other picture by him which we reproduce, are creeks hollowed out of the limestone rocks, which form a remarkable feature of the landscape near Cassis, which lies on the south coast of France to the east of Marseilles. Mr. Churchill, it will be remembered, exhibited three pictures in the Academy in 1948; and showed six last year. He is passionately devoted to his art and when on holiday spends most of his time at his easel painting out of doors.

*Copyright of these pictures reserved for the artist.*

"LA MONTAGNE SAINTE VICTOIRE"; BY WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P., HON. R.A.

MR. CHURCHILL, who holds the title of Honorary Royal Academician or Royal Academician Extraordinary, is exhibiting four paintings at Burlington House in this year's Royal Academy, which is due to open to the public to-day, April 29. This great Englishman, architect of victory in the Second World War, statesman, orator and historian, is also a painter of remarkable skill and talent. One of the subjects he has taken for the works he is exhibiting in this year's Royal Academy, "La Montagne Sainte Victoire," is a famous feature of the landscape of Southern France, and was frequently painted by Cézanne. It

*[Continued above, right.]*



"THE CALANQUES, CASSIS"; BY WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P., HON. R.A.



**"THE RESURRECTION" DEPICTED  
IN PAINTINGS BY A NEWLY  
ELECTED ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.**

**STANLEY SPENCER'S REMARKABLE  
SERIES OF A BIBLICAL SUBJECT  
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**



(ABOVE.) "THE RESURRECTION; WAKING UP", BY STANLEY SPENCER, C.B.E., R.A. THE DEAD, WHO HAVE RISEN FROM THEIR GRAVES, ARE DEPICTED YAWNING, AS AFTER A LONG SLEEP.

*Continued.*  
the cemetery-keeper is gathering leaves, while visiting mourners who have come with flowers point excitedly to those who are rising from their graves. On the left, four women are yawning and rubbing their eyes as after a long sleep, while babies are sprawling happily on the flower-strewn grass, and an empty grave is discernible. Next in order comes the triptych described by the artist as a reunion of the quick and the dead. In the centre, visitors to the cemetery, in semi-mourning, are watching the resurrection of those they thought to be in their graves, and wave handkerchiefs and gloves in excited greeting. On the left a series of graves surrounded by railings are now occupied by living people. A husband and wife greet each other with joy, while beyond them a couple are too astonished to register any emotion. Children are seen

*[Continued on right.]*

(LEFT.) "THE RESURRECTION; REUNION"; BY STANLEY SPENCER, C.B.E., R.A. THE LIVING ("THE QUICK") ARE DEPICTED GREETING THOSE WHO HAVE RISEN.

MR. STANLEY SPENCER, one of the two new Royal Academicians elected this year, is exhibiting a series of paintings representing the Resurrection of the Body in this year's Academy, which is due to open to the public to-day, Saturday, April 29. These are likely to rouse lively discussion and controversy. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley Spencer, who was born in 1891, was, in 1932, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and that in 1935 he resigned when the Academy rejected two of his paintings, "St. Francis and the Birds" and "The Lovers." He was made a C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List, in January last was re-elected an A.R.A., and on March 15 his election as an R.A. was announced. The paintings which make up "The Resurrection" series are not arranged in order on our pages. The lower group of three, forming a triptych, is actually intended to come first. In the centre, a table tomb may be seen. Round it are gathered happy men and women reading references to themselves on the slab. Two children are examining the carving, while below them, their grandparents crawl to meet each other from their different worlds. On the right of the tomb people raise their hands in ecstasy, while others stand wondering. Below them a wingless angel wipes the tears from an old man's eyes. Other men and women assist each other to climb from the tombs. In the lower right-hand corner a grave-digger rests his arm on a headstone and surveys the scene. To the left, a sailor may be seen greeting his wife as she steps from her grave, and willing hands help to raise the stone tomb-slabs. The painting entitled "The Hill of Zion" comes next in the series. Angels are blowing trumpets, while the Recording Angel scans the pages of his book. A bearded prophet stands on the left and a figure which represents Our Lord directs the proceedings. The triptych entitled "Waking Up" is the next in the sequence. In the centre

*[Continued on right.]*



"THE RESURRECTION"; BY STANLEY SPENCER, C.B.E., R.A.: THE RAISING OF THE TOMB-LIDS (LEFT),



*Continued.*

seated on their own tombs looking upwards, and on the right, in the foreground, a young couple are kissing passionately in front of a heart-shaped headstone bearing an inscription. The triptych entitled "Rejoicing" is the final work in the series. It represents a scene of ecstasy. Children are raising their arms with delight, while on the left young girls are dancing amid the flowers. On the right, a girl is holding a vase filled with flowers intended to deck a grave, and a woman is busy clipping an ivy hedge with shears, while a third waters the flowers on a grave. The young man standing on the right, however, realises that these occupations are now unnecessary, for the graves are everywhere giving up their dead, and there is no more death, nor parting, nor suffering. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley Spencer has already depicted the resurrection, for his well-known

(ABOVE.) "THE RESURRECTION: THE HILL OF ZION"; BY STANLEY SPENCER, C.B.E., R.A. OUR LORD IS DEPICTED DIRECTING VARIOUS PROPHETS, ANGELS AND DISCIPLES.

mural paintings for the Oratory of All Souls', Burghclere, include a striking scene representing young soldiers of the 1914-18 war rising from the dead; and the Tate Gallery possesses a "Resurrection" by him. He is a painter of enormous technical skill, and is undoubtedly an artist of very great imaginative power, but the very fact that he represents Biblical scenes enacted by men and women wearing present-day dress, and surrounded by architecture and utensils of contemporary shape and style makes him what is known as "difficult" for the average man or woman to admire. But there is no doubt that this important series of paintings, on which he has been engaged from 1945-50, will rouse great discussion and should be studied with attention.

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(RIGHT.) "THE RESURRECTION: REJOICING"; BY STANLEY SPENCER, C.B.E., R.A. THE CEMETERY ATTENDANTS AND MOURNERS ("THE QUICK") WATCH THE VISION OF THE RESURRECTION.



THE RISEN READING REFERENCES TO THEMSELVES ON A TOMB (CENTRE); AND (RIGHT) WONDER AND ECSTASY.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. HICKMAN BACON WATER-COLOURS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

EASTER SATURDAY, half a gale blowing, great clouds sweeping over the wide expanse of the Trent Valley, with the sun occasionally intensifying the brilliant green of the young corn and turning the dark-brown earth of the new-sown potato-fields a deeper bronze. On to Gainsborough, where the fickle

It is a platitude to say that water-colour is the particular glory of this country, and the friendly visitor from foreign parts, well-primed with this information, can be forgiven if he sometimes raises polite eyebrows when, as sometimes happens, he is dragged along to survey the several acres—no, several square miles—of drawings which have been perpetrated in this difficult medium during the last 200 years, for it is a medium which can tempt little men into quite extraordinary insipidities. But what strength, what quiet subtlety, what exquisite gradations of tone upon a half-hinted foundation of precise, nervous

drawing are at the command of the men who really matter! "New Bridge, Durham," for example, by John Sell Cotman (1782-1842), with its variety of greys-greens and golden sunlight; and next to it—in a very different mood—"A Castle Above a River," by David Cox (1783-1859), than whom no man could be more sensitive to the wilder aspects of nature. Cotman always seemstomeatragic figure, the victim of his own

tones recede into ethereal distance, to the vague, misty radiance of "A Rainbow Over Loch Awe." Turner's great friend, Thomas Girtin, who died at twenty-seven, while Turner lived—and worked—till he was seventy-four, is seen to great advantage in four admirable examples, two of which provide an illuminating insight into the range of his talent—the clear, beautifully-observed effect of light upon a Paris street ("Porte Saint Denis") and the swirling cloud formations over the wide landscape, "On the Wharfe." Naturally, in a Lincolnshire show, Peter de Wint (1784-1849) must be present. His "Lincoln, from the River" is one of the numerous studies he made of the city, crowned by its cathedral, where he lived, but I found the most interesting and revealing of the three pictures from his hand was "Clee Hills, Shropshire," where the distant hills are a delicate plum colour, the middle distance blue and a group of trees on the right are smudged over with a rapid stroke or two of delicate sulphurous green—a subtle accent which is exactly right when it is provided by de Wint and which amateur painters to-day can imitate if they dare and at their peril.

A cool, almost icy, contrast to all this is given by John Robert Cozens (1752-1797), son of Alexander, in "Near Brixen in the Tyrol" (and three others)—valley, mountains and river—carried out in greys and blues: to some tastes too perfect, too remote, too detached. Yet this drawing by itself is sufficient to explain the influence he exercised upon his generation and why the youthful Turner and Girtin copied so many of his landscapes. We can even smile with understanding at Constable, who was fond of speaking from the heart rather than the head, when he announced pontifically that Cozens was the greatest genius who ever touched landscape.

One of the nine painters represented in this show is not normally associated with water-colour—John



"LINCOLN FROM THE RIVER"; BY PETER DE WINT (1784-1849).  
(Water-colour. 12½ by 19½ ins.)

In the article on this page Frank Davis discusses the selection from the Hickman Bacon collection of water-colours generously lent by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund C. Bacon, Bart., for exhibition from April 5 to May 7 at Richmond Park, Gainsborough, Yorks, to mark the dedication of the mansion for use by the community of Gainsborough and district.

river sometimes sweeps into cellars and men talk mostly of engineering. There's a park here somewhere—Richmond Park—and we see in our mind's eye the broad acres of that other Richmond Park sloping graciously towards the gentle Thames. No; here by the Trent words can have other meanings, and this Richmond Park turns out to be a fair-sized suburban garden with a fair-sized suburban house in the middle of it—trim grass, daffodils nodding in the wind and a flowering cherry in full bloom opposite the front door. A plaque on the wall explains that house and grounds are the gift to his fellow-townsmen by the late Frank Richmond, Solicitor. The place seems deserted, so I open the first door in the corridor. Half-a-dozen old gentlemen beam at me. Had I blundered into a meeting of a particularly care-free committee of management? "This is the old-age pensioners' room," they say. "We generally come here of an afternoon." We talked, and then they cocked half-a-dozen pairs of eyes to the ceiling. "You must see the pictures," they said. "They are upstairs"; and thus, and very agreeably, was I introduced to an exhibition which, if it ever found its way to the Arts Council's rooms in St. James's Square, would, I believe, cram those rooms from morning till night. As it was, my companion and I had the show to ourselves, with the flowering cherry outside the window as the sole rival to the beauties which adorned the inner walls.

What was set out before us in this quiet, unpretentious retreat was a selection from what is, by general consent, as fine a collection of English water-colours as remains in private ownership—a collection made between the years 1880-1914 by the late Sir Hickman Bacon. It is fair to say that while the art-loving public knew of it, and had the chance of seeing a selection at Agnew's some years ago, to the many whose duties kept them at a distance from London at that time it was as remote and as legendary as the treasure of Kublai Khan. We now have to thank Sir Hickman's nephew and heir, Lieut.-Col. Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart., for the present exhibition, which is being held to mark the formal opening of Mr. Frank Richmond's house and grounds for the enjoyment of his fellow-townsmen. Here indeed is a show: thirty-five water-colours by our very greatest, and at least six of them incomparable examples, not to be surpassed, I suggest, by any in either a national or private collection.

temperament. Few were more gifted, none more original, few less endowed by nature for the humdrum, day-by-day common task of teaching the elements of drawing to the young ladies of Norwich, which was his fate. To-day's price for any two of the ten drawings by him now to be seen at Gainsborough would have freed him from a lifetime of harassing anxiety.

J. M. W. Turner—the Turner—is represented by eight drawings, ranging from the delicate "Glacier des Boissons," whose brown



"STANSTEAD MILL"; BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802) WHO WORKED AND STUDIED WITH TURNER.  
(Water-colour with brown ink wash. 17 by 23½ ins.)

The water-colours in the loan exhibition at Richmond Park, Gainsborough, Yorks, have been selected from the large collection made by the late Sir Hickman Bacon, premier baronet of England, by the Arts Council of Great Britain, who have also prepared the catalogue. The water-colours, which have always been kept in portfolios, are in exceptionally fine and brilliant condition.

Crome (1768-1821), the leader, or, better still, the patron saint, of the Norwich school. There are two of his rare drawings, and there are also two by Thomas Shottor Boys (1803-1874), Bonington's pupil, the only artist born in the nineteenth century to find a place in the exhibition. The condition of all the water-colours is remarkable, and is due to the fact that they have been kept in portfolios all these years and not exposed to the light. If anyone finds himself within reach of Gainsborough before May 7, when the exhibition closes, he is urged to make his way at all costs to this unpretentious house and garden. At the risk of causing embarrassment to Sir Edmund Bacon, I venture to express the hope that in due course others may be as fortunate as those who happen to live in the neighbourhood, though I realise that one has to think twice before exposing such delicate masterpieces to the various hazards of movement, changes of temperature and exposure to light for lengthy periods.



"A RAINBOW OVER LOCH AWE"; BY JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851).  
(Water-colour over slight pencil indications. 9 by 11½ ins.)  
"J. M. W. Turner—the Turner—," writes Frank Davis when discussing the loan exhibition of a selection from the Hickman Bacon collection at Richmond Park, Gainsborough, "is represented by eight drawings, ranging from the delicate 'Glacier des Boissons,' whose brown tones recede into ethereal distance, to the vague, misty radiance of 'A Rainbow Over Loch Awe.'"

The illustrations on this page reproduced by Courtesy of Sir Edmund C. Bacon, Bart., O.B.E., T.D.



## SUNLIGHT, ARCHITECTURE AND INTERIORS IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"IDLERS IN LANGUEDOC"; BY SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF A GREAT WATER-COLOUR PAINTER.



"ST. PIERRE, SENLIS"; BY SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A. AN ARCHITECTURAL SUBJECT WITH FIGURES, IN WATER-COLOURS.



"THE HALL"; BY LEONARD CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A., AN ARTIST WHOSE GRACIOUS INTERIORS SUGGEST THE WORK OF THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH PAINTERS.



"MOTHER AND CHILD"; BY JOHN WHEATLEY, A.R.A. THE ARTIST WAS AT ONE TIME ASSISTANT TEACHER AT THE SLADE SCHOOL.



"THE PATCHWORK QUILT"; BY LEONARD CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A., A CONVERSATION PIECE OF GREAT CHARM, CHARACTERISTIC OF THE ARTIST'S STYLE.



"SHEEP-SHEARERS"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A. A VIGOROUS WORK BY ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF LIVING WOMEN PAINTERS.\*

\*Not Exhibited

This year's Royal Academy, which is due to open to-day, Saturday, April 29, under the Presidency of Sir Gerald Kelly, contains a number of works likely to be much discussed. On other pages we reproduce the remarkable series of paintings representing "The Resurrection" by one of the two newly-elected Royal Academicians,



"THE YOUNG GYPSIES"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A., WHO HAS TAKEN MANY SUBJECTS FROM THE LIFE OF GYPSIES IN THEIR CARAVANS.

Mr. Stanley Spencer. Here we illustrate works of well-known painters less likely to rouse controversy. Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours since 1936, has been a Royal Academician since 1933. The vigour and brilliance of Dame Laura Knight's manner are universally known.

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MR. THOR HEYERDAHL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Thor Heyerdahl was born in 1914 at Larvik, Norway. From his earliest childhood he was interested in the natural sciences, and at the age of seven started a one-room zoological museum. He studied zoology at Oslo University, but later specialised in researches concerning possible prehistoric American-Polynesian relations.

THERE were, as the ancients knew, strong men before Agamemnon. And, before Columbus sailed, men, as bold as he, even less well-equipped and less well-informed than he, set out over the untracked wastes of the Western Ocean in search of what they might find there. Columbus wanted gold and rubies; others had merely a passion for discovery, and were willing to go on and on until, if it should happen, they were flung into the cataract which eternally poured over a flat world's end. It is known that Leif Erickson, the Iclander, visited the coasts of North America long before Columbus (I am writing beyond reach of reference books, but seem to remember that he went to Iceland before he started his voyage with a crew which lost heart day by day but were quelled by his strength of character) and hugged the shores from Labrador southwards until he came to a place where the grapes grew and called it Vinland. And who can tell what daring expeditions were launched, and succeeded or failed, before not merely printing, but mere writing was prevalent amongst men? How far did the Greeks, the Phenicians and the Egyptians sail? We don't know, though we can make guesses. We don't know where the strangely named animal "*homo sapiens*" first came to light, or whether in one place or several; we do know that he spread all over the globe, and that the globe contains so many continents and islands that a great amount of sea-travel must have been involved in the dispersal. That travel, some of it many tens of thousands of years ago, simply must have been partly done by sea, and in craft, however fragile, some of which were able to reach a destination in spite of the hazards of tide, current and storm. The "Red Indians" of North America and their southern congeners have Mongolian faces, and probably crossed the Behring Straits: narrow though those Straits are, they do involve a sea-passage. And Mr. Heyerdahl, a young anthropologist whose studies in Polynesia were interrupted by his service in the Free Norwegian Air Force, had his views about a sea-journey in A.D. 500 or so which was not merely a voyage but a migration. Others before him have wondered why, in the Pacific, from New Guinea onwards, the farther east you go, the lighter the skins you meet, and the solidier the monuments. To his thinking, dispersal from Asia simply did not fit the facts: Polynesia, as opposed to Melanesia, must have been colonised from South America, which, in its turn, must have received an invasion of "White Men" from Europe. About the early European transit he does not worry; but his theory about a later passage from Peru to Polynesia he determined to put to the test. Old Spanish records were extant which described the construction of vessels which were used by Inca sailors who succeeded a White Race with long beards. There was reason to suppose that that White Race (they may even have been Norwegians!) took, in good time, the advice later tendered to Young America: "Go West, young man." He became firmly convinced that Polynesia was colonised from Peru and that it was colonised by men travelling on long-distance rafts. It couldn't be proved that that actually happened, but it could be proved that it might have happened. In demonstration of that possibility he and five comrades set sail over 4,000 perilous miles, frequently braved death, and in the end miraculously escaped it when wave after wave swept their raft by stages over a coral reef, and the crew had to hang on to anything they could clutch under tons of water. And they sailed on a raft built, as nearly as they could build it, on the

## ESCAPE FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—BY RAFT.

"THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION": By THOR HEYERDAHL.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

lines, and with the materials, of the old Peruvian rafts. The logs were balsa logs, light as cork, and the mere job of getting them down from the Andean forests was dangerous enough. There were cross-logs of the same wood, a foredeck of bamboo matting, a bow of pine, a steering-oar of mango-wood, a cabin of bamboo-plaits roofed with banana leaves, and a canvas square-sail, 15 ft. by 18 ft. If the raft appeared on the Serpentine the population would laugh. But she was thoroughly seaworthy; it didn't matter how much water she shipped, for it all ran out through the deck; she averaged forty miles

The case may not have been wholly proved, though Mr. Heyerdahl brings a good deal of linguistic and ethnological evidence in support of his theory. But many readers are not interested in such things, and they will be fully satisfied to find the book one of the finest stories of adventurous travel which has appeared for many years.

The journey was by no means as monotonous as might have been expected. The fish saw to that. Every morning flying-fish for breakfast were collected from the deck; once a jet-propelled octopus flew aboard; and once there was found a snake-mackerel, a deep-sea fish of which no living specimen has ever before been recorded. Sharks were in constant attendance, whales threatened disaster, and once there came an ugly whale-shark, the largest fish in existence. And if there were storms, there were also enchanting nights and days on that lonely track, far away from shipping-lanes. The author does not indulge in deliberate fine writing; but the material of his narrative is so remarkable that he continually produces powerful effects by mere straightforward statement. Here is a characteristic passage: "Sometimes, too, we went out in the rubber boat to look at ourselves by night. Coal-black seas towered up on all sides, and a glittering myriad of tropical stars drew a faint reflection from plankton in the water. The world was simple, stars in the darkness. Whether it was 1947 B.C. or A.D. suddenly became of no significance. We lived, and that we felt with alert intensity. We realised that life had been full for men before the technical age also—indeed, fuller and

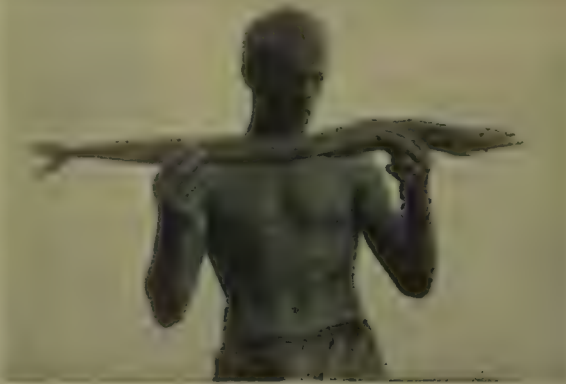
richer in many ways than the life of modern man. Time and evolution somehow ceased to exist; all that was real and all that mattered were the same to-day as they had always been and would always be; we were swallowed in the absolute common measure of history, endless unbroken darkness under a swarm of stars. Before us in the night the *Kon-Tiki* rose out of the seas, to sink down again behind black masses of water that towered between her and us. In the moonlight there was a singular atmosphere about the raft. Stout shining wooden logs fringed with seaweed, the square pitch-black outline of a Viking sail, a bristly bamboo hut with the yellow light of a paraffin lamp aft—the whole suggested a picture from a fairy-tale rather than the actual reality. Now and then the raft disappeared completely behind the black seas; then she rose again and stood out sharp in silhouette against the stars, while glittering water poured from the logs."

The crew kept careful records, meteorological and other, and contrived to preserve them, as well as much

precious photographic film, when they were shipwrecked. Later they patched the raft up and got her on board a Norwegian steamer. The crew did not claim to be sailors when they started, but they knew a great deal when they finished. Fears that they might get on each other's nerves were not realised: they were a cheerful lot of men and managed to keep themselves occupied: one of them, for example, filled in his spare time by reading resolutely through seventy learned works, and another was constantly in touch, though his set was very small, with wireless amateurs thousands of miles away.

The long sea-passage is suitably framed by experiences on land at both ends. These were both exciting and amusing. The account of the landing is touching also. The lagoon-island which they reached from the reef was inhabited by a few score Polynesians of a simplicity and charm which is no longer to be found in more frequented places. No people could have been friendlier or more lavishly hospitable. Contact was facilitated by one of the chiefs. "He had been to school in Tahiti, so that he spoke French and could both read and write. He told me that the capital of Norway was called Christiania, and asked if I knew Bing Crosby." He also told us that only three foreign vessels had called at Raroia in the last ten years. The one member of the expedition whose pleasure in the welcome was not quite unalloyed was one who had acute lumbago and was compelled by a muscular Amazon to dance the hula-hula with her until he dropped.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 676 of this issue.



"NO, FISH LIKE THAT DON'T EXIST": TORSTEIN RAABY WITH A SNAKE-MACKEREL (*Gempylus*), WHICH WAS AT FIRST MISTAKEN IN THE DARK FOR A "FLYING-FISH." THE SIX MEN ON THE *Kon-Tiki* WERE THE FIRST TO HAVE EVER SEEN THIS FISH ALIVE.



BY RAFT ACROSS THE SOUTH SEAS: THE ROUTE OF THE *Kon-Tiki* FROM CALLAO, PERU, TO RAROIA REEF, FROM WHICH THEY REACHED A SMALL, SPARSELY POPULATED SOUTH SEA ISLAND. Reproduced by permission of "Life."



SHELTERED FROM WIND AND SUN IN THE BAMBOO CABIN (8 FT. BY 14 FT.) ON THE *Kon-Tiki*: (L. TO R.) HERMAN WATZINGER, KNUT HAUGLAND, TORSTEIN RAABY, BENGT DANIELSSON, AND THE AUTHOR, THOR HEYERDAHL.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "*The Kon-Tiki Expedition*," by courtesy of the publishers, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

a day, and if her steering was rather primitive, she was able, for a general direction, to rely, like the Peruvians before her, on the Humboldt and Equatorial Currents.

\* "The Kon-Tiki Expedition: by Raft Across the South Seas." By Thor Heyerdahl. Translated by F. H. Lyon. Illustrated. (George Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.)



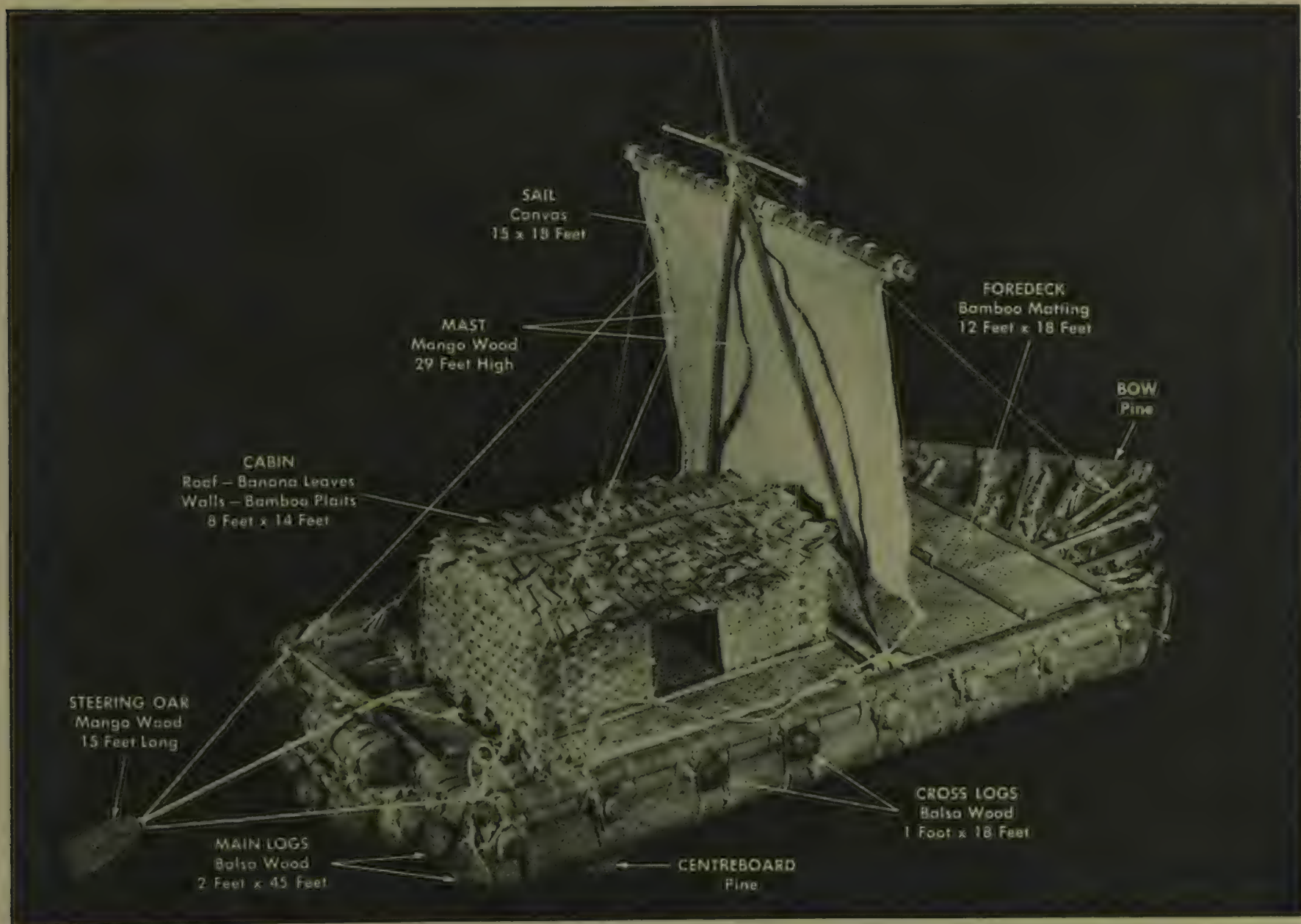
## A VOYAGE OF 4300 MILES ON A RAFT: HOW THE "KON-TIKI" CROSSED THE PACIFIC.



IN CALLAO HARBOUR READY TO START: THE *KON-TIKI*, A RAFT WHICH WAS AN EXACT COPY OF THE OLD INDIAN VESSELS, WITH AN OPEN BAMBOO CABIN AFT OF A SQUARE-SAIL BETWEEN TWO MASTS LASHED TOGETHER.



ROLLING THROUGH HEAVY SWELLS CAUSED BY THE HUMBOLDT CURRENT: THE *KON-TIKI* UNDER FULL SAIL IN THE OPEN SEA AT THE BEGINNING OF THE VOYAGE, WHEN THE CREW HAD A HARD SCHOOLING IN THE ART OF RAFT-SAILING.



A SCALE MODEL OF THE *KON-TIKI* RAFT, SHOWING DETAILS OF ITS CONSTRUCTION. THE RAFT, WHICH WEIGHED 15 TONS, WAS BUILT FROM DESCRIPTIONS LEFT BY EARLY EXPLORERS. NINE BALSA LOGS FORMED THE FOUNDATION AND ONLY ROPE WAS USED TO FASTEN THE RAFT TOGETHER.

The story of how six men built and sailed a replica of an ancient Inca balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia is not only one of the most exciting adventure-stories of modern times, but also proves a young man's theory that Polynesia was colonised by men travelling on long-distance rafts. An account of this voyage is given by the leader of the expedition, Hr. Thor Heyerdahl, in his book "The *Kon-Tiki* Expedition,"

which is reviewed by Sir John Squire on the facing page. Before the raft could be built the author and a companion made a risky journey through the inland forests of South America to obtain the balsa wood with which the seafarers in Inca times built the old Peruvian rafts. The dangerous 4300-mile journey took 101 days, but the remarkable *Kon-Tiki* raft proved capable of riding up and over 20-ft. waves.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The *Kon-Tiki* Expedition," published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.





THE CHALLENGE TO THE SUPREMACY OF SURFACE FLEETS: AN IMPRESSION OF A 20-KNOT STREAMLINED "ELECTRIC" SUBMARINE AND ITS FAST PURSUERS—CONVERTED DESTROYERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

The newest design of submarine, incorporating an improved "Schnorkel" apparatus "Smart" as it is called in the Royal Navy, increased battery-power and streamlining enormously extend the range and staking power of the warships and render them less vulnerable to attack. Only experimental types are in existence at present, and so our diagrammatic drawing depicts a submarine of the future fitted with some of the latest improvements. When the Germans developed and used the "Schnorkel" apparatus in the later stages of the war, they revolutionised submarine underwater propulsion, and paved the way to extended

underwater cruises. The British submarines *Alliance* remained submerged for more than forty days during a cruise off West Africa in 1941, and recently the newly-commissioned U.S. submarine *Pickens* crossed the Pacific from Hong Kong to Pearl Harbour in twenty-one days at an average speed of 10 knots, remaining submerged at "Schnorkel" depth for the total distance of some 5200 miles. The "Schnorkel" allows the Diesel motors to be run when the vessel is submerged, the exhaust gases being expelled above the surface and fresh air drawn down into the vessel as required. Constant efforts are being made to

increase the speed of submarines when cruising below "Schnorkel" and periscope depth on their electric motors. One method is to increase the number of batteries started so that when a burst speed is desired, either in pursuit of a target or in escaping from surface attack, the available power can be stepped up and the propulsion motors given a "boost" to obtain a speed of some 18 to 20 knots. Possibly the size and weight of the Diesel motors may be reduced to give a slower speed speed while allowing for the extra weight of the batteries which produce greater speed when the submarine is completely submerged. This increase

in speed necessitates a similar increase in the speed of the submarine's pursuers—the corvettes and frigates. The Royal Navy are converting the destroyers *Rocket* and *Refulgent* into a new type of fast frigate, and on these pages we are enabled to give, for the first time, a general impression of their appearance when completed. To improve their sea-keeping qualities, the forecastle deck is extended for the greater part of their length, thus giving increased freeboard, and they are fitted with the latest submarine detection-gear. Aluminium alloy has been largely used in the additional decking, and for the simplified superstructure.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE ODDNESS OF THE ORCHIDS.

By HAROLD BASTIN.

THE blooms of many orchids are superbly beautiful, others are so bizarre that they approach the sinister, yet about them all may be detected an unaccountable oddness—like that of some challenging but cryptic personality—notwithstanding the intensive scrutiny to which they have been subjected by competent observers, from Darwin onward, for nearly a century past. Right at the outset, the botanically-minded tiro is puzzled because the flower is so differently constituted from the types with which he has become familiar. Its most remarkable component is the so-called "column," crowning the ovary and formed by a merging of the male and female organs—the stamens and pistil. Disregarding for the moment the *Cypripedeae*, or "Slipper Orchids" (whose modification, though very remarkable, is less extraordinary than that seen in the other tribes or families of the order), this column carries two functional stigmas or pollen-receiving areas—though these may be so completely confluent as to seem one. But its most outstanding feature is the male or fertilizing element, claimed by morphologists to represent the anthers of a single stamen, the others having been suppressed. What actually appears are two loosely compacted masses of pollen (pollinia) connected by short, tapering stalks (caudicles) with round, sticky discs lying in a sort of container (the rostellum)—this last-named being regarded as a sterile and transformed stigma.

The perianth of an orchid—the "flower" of popular parlance—consists of three petals and three sepals, all of which are generally attractively coloured. Moreover, one of the petals is very commonly projected forward, forming a convenient alighting-place (the lip, or labellum) for visiting insects, and is sometimes extended backward as a hollow spur within which nectar may be secreted. When an insect

so that when their carrier arrives at another orchid they are in exactly the right position to strike against its stigmatic areas. In the particular instance of the early purple orchis (*Orchis mascula*), Darwin found that this movement of adjustment occupies thirty seconds on an average—time enough, as he proved, for the insect to fly to a neighbouring plant.

The above is a very generalised description of the floral mechanism peculiar to most orchids, with a hint as to the manner in which insects may act as pollen-carriers. As might be expected, details vary

touched by a bee, to whose thorax the missiles become firmly attached. Bees, too, play the leading rôle in cross-pollinating orchids of the genus *Coryanthes*, also of South America. In this genus the most important part of the floral mechanism is a kind of "bucket," charged by the plant with a watery fluid, into which bees are apt to tumble; and when this happens the victim—half-drowned and unable to use its wings—extricates itself through an "overflow spout," when perforce it rubs itself against the flower's essential organs.

The "Slipper Orchids" (*Cypripedium*) referred to above are exceptional in having two sets of anthers, a third stamen being represented by a shield-like body projecting over the centrally-placed stigma, while the labellum forms a pouch (the "slipper") which has a large and two smaller openings. Bees or flies entering by the former can only escape through one of the latter, and in so doing touch first the stigma, then one of the anthers. Our sole indigenous representative of this family (*C. calceolus*) is a great rarity, but the North American *C. spectabile* is easily grown in the bog or marsh garden, and is visited by some of our native bees.

In the astonishing inter-relationships which have been established between orchids and insects, scent, rather than colour or nectar, seems often to operate as the governing factor. The Australian *Cryptostylis leptochile* is fertilised because it smells like a female ichneumon-fly (*Lissopimpla semipunctata*), the male of which, in futile attempts to mate with the flowers, transfers pollen from one to the stigmas of another. This discovery was made in 1927 by Mrs. Edith Coleman; and two years later Colonel Godfrey showed that our own fly orchid (*Ophrys muscifera*) is similarly pollinated by the burrowing wasp, *Gorytes mystaceus*.

Describing the process in his recently-published "Wild Flowers of the Chalk," Mr. John Gilmour writes: "The males of the wasp emerge from their pupæ before the females and during their brief bachelorhood they console themselves by performing the motions of copulation on the lips of any fly orchids that may be near . . . In so doing they effect cross-pollination of the orchid."

How can these weird phenomena be explained? Orthodox Darwinians used to maintain that the theory

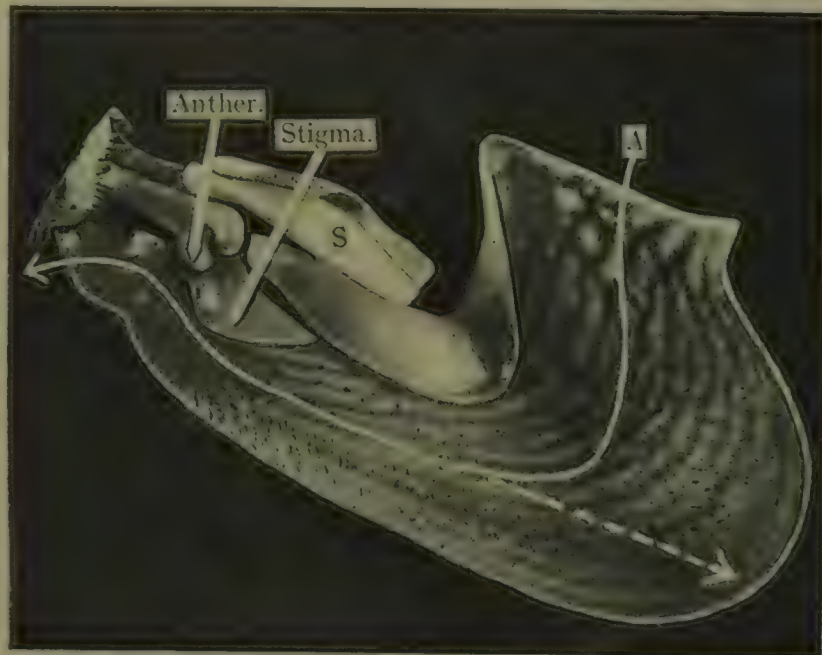


"THE INSECT IS PITCHED BETWEEN THE TEETH OF A KIND OF CLUTCH WHICH HOLDS IT FOR A FEW SECONDS STRUGGLING AGAINST THE ESSENTIAL ORGANS": THE CENTRAL PARTS OF TWO FLOWERS OF A SPECIES OF *Bulbophyllum*; SHOWING THE HIGHLY MOBILE LABELLUM (L) AND "CLUTCH" (C) INTO WHICH THE VISITING INSECT IS THROWN.

enormously among the 5000-odd species that have been collected and described—most of them tropical. The Malagasy *Angracum sesquipedale* was made famous by Darwin who, after examining its 11-in.-long, whip-like spur, confidently inferred the existence in its native island of a moth whose tongue, curled up spirally like a watch-spring when not in use, must nevertheless be capable of extension to a length of "between ten and eleven inches" in order to reach the nectar, which fills only an inch or so of the spur's lower extremity. For this "inspired guess" he was ridiculed by some of his contemporary critics. But when, years later, he visited the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road, armed with a permit to relax and unroll the proboscides of likely specimens, he soon found a moth—*Macrosilius cruentius*—from Madagascar which agreed exactly with his prediction.

In several species of *Bulbophyllum* from tropical Africa

the labellum is jointed to the rest of the bloom by an elastic hinge and is so sensitive that when one of the Dipterous flies (on whose visits fertilisation depends) alights upon it, the insect is pitched between the teeth of a kind of clutch which holds it for a few seconds struggling against the essential organs, so that the pollinia get fixed to its back. Orchids of the South American genus *Catasetum* shoot out their pollinia, like bullets from a gun, when certain sensitive "antennæ" (modifications of the rostellum) are



WITH THE RIGHT SIDE REMOVED TO SHOW THE INTERIOR OF THE "SLIPPER" AND POSITION OF ESSENTIAL ORGANS: A SPECIES OF *Cypripedium*, ILLUSTRATING THE METHOD OF POLLINATION. The visiting bee enters at (A) and escapes through one of the small lateral openings behind the essential organs. It touches first the stigma, then one of the anthers. If it tries to return by the way it entered it must go in the direction indicated by the broken line and fails to climb up the slippery surface of the pouch. There is not sufficient room for it to spread its wings and fly through the opening. The petaloid anther, (S), prevents escape in an upward direction.

Photographs by Harold Bastin.

of random variations picked out and established by natural selection provides the all-sufficient answer. This may turn out eventually to be correct. But for the time being it seems wiser to class them with what Professor Oakes Ames, of Harvard University, has called "those biological mysteries which tax our powers of credulity and make us conscious of the subtle influences which have shaped the living world."



THE ONLY BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE OF ITS FAMILY AND A GREAT RARITY: "THE LADY'S SLIPPER" (*Cypripedium calceolus*), WHICH HAS A LARGE, DEEP YELLOW POUCH AND LONG, PURPLE-BROWN SEALS AND PETALS.

settles on the labellum (or, in the case of a butterfly or moth, hovers in front of the flower) and probes the spur with its proboscis, the latter—or some other part of its head—strikes against the rostellum, ruptures it, and so pulls out the pollinia by means of their adhesive discs. (The working of this mechanism can be demonstrated by pushing the point of a pencil into the mouth of the spur.) As the insect wings its way to another bloom, the discs usually contract unequally in drying, with the result that the pollinia are bent forward and at the same time diverge slightly from one another,



ON THE EVE OF HER TWENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY:  
THE PRINCESS'S LAST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT IN MALTA.



MALTA'S GEORGE CROSS, WITH ITS GUARD OF HONOUR, DURING THE CEREMONIES—WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH ATTENDED—TO MARK THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS AWARD. IN PALACE SQUARE, VALLETTA.



AWARDED "TO HONOUR THE BRAVE PEOPLE" OF MALTA: THE ISLAND'S GEORGE CROSS, WITH, BENEATH IT, THE ORIGINAL CITATION IN THE KING'S OWN HANDWRITING—ON THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AWARD.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH READING THE CITATION, WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE AWARD OF THE GEORGE CROSS TO MALTA. BEHIND THE PRINCESS, SIR GERALD CREASY, THE GOVERNOR.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH SMILING AT THE CHILDREN IN THE NAVAL WIVES' CONVALESCENT HOME: (L. TO R.) LADY POWER, LADY MOUNTBATTEN, H.R.H., AND MISS M. HILL, THE MATRON.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE PHILIP IN MALTA—ON THE EVE OF HER TWENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY AND SHORTLY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT SHE WOULD UNDERTAKE NO FURTHER ENGAGEMENTS.

On the evening of April 17 it was announced from Buckingham Palace that: "Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, will undertake no further public engagements." The announcement is in the terms customary when a Royal birth is expected; and it is believed that the Princess Elizabeth expects her second child in the summer, probably in August. The Princess, at the time of this announcement, was in Malta, where the Duke of Edinburgh is serving with the Mediterranean Fleet. On this page we show some of her recent activities in the island. On April 15 she watched the parade commemorating the eighth anniversary of the award of the George Cross to Malta; and she saw the Cross which was

displayed, with a guard of honour, in Palace Square, Valletta. She was accompanied by the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy, and Dr. Boffa, the Premier. On April 20 she visited and toured the Naval Wives' Convalescent Home in Valletta, of whose House Committee Lady Mountbatten is the Chairman. On April 21 she celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday, but in view of the Buckingham Palace announcement, cancelled the drive through Valletta's streets which had been arranged.





IN SHOTTERY, THE HOME VILLAGE OF ANNE HATHAWAY: A MUCH ADMIRER GARDEN, FILLED WITH FLOWERS, AT THE BACK OF ONE OF THE OLD HOUSES.

## THE FIRST STATE VISIT OF A REIGNING THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, DURING



WHERE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN ON APRIL 23, 1564: THE TUDOR HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, WHICH HAS BEEN SKILFULLY RESTORED.

## KING TO SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE: THE ROYAL TOUR, AND SCENES IN THE FAMOUS TOWN.



ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS COTTAGES IN THE WORLD: ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY, WHERE ANNE, SHAKESPEARE'S WIFE, LIVED.



WHERE SHAKESPEARE LIES BURIED: THE INTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, SHOWING THE POET'S TOMB TO THE LEFT OF THE ALTAR.



"I SUMMON UP REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST": THE RIVER AVON, WITH HOLY TRINITY CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE.



LEAVING THE HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN: T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN DURING THEIR RECENT VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

ON April 20 the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, visited Stratford-upon-Avon. It was a great occasion for this famous Warwickshire town, for it was the first recorded visit of a reigning King to Stratford since the birth of Shakespeare. After an official reception at the station, their Majesties drove to the Town Hall, where former mayors and other prominent citizens were presented to them, and then on to the half-timbered house in Henley Street, where Shakespeare was born. Here the Royal party were shown some Elizabethan



AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, WHERE THEY SAW A SPECIAL MATINÉE PERFORMANCE OF "KING HENRY VIII," THE ROYAL PARTY, WITH MR. ANTHONY EDEN (LEFT).

relics which have recently been discovered after being hidden for at least 200 years behind plaster. From the birthplace the Royal visitors went on to Holy Trinity Church, to see Shakespeare's tomb, and from there to the Memorial Theatre. Here their Majesties made a tour behind the scenes, and were present at part of a rehearsal of *Julius Caesar*. After luncheon in the theatre, the King and Queen and Princess Margaret saw a matinee performance of *King Henry VIII*. The Royal party went to Windsor from Stratford.



OPENED IN 1932 ON THE SITE OF THE PREVIOUS THEATRE, WHICH WAS BURNED OUT: THE MEMORIAL THEATRE SEEN FROM THE RIVER.



THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE FIRST SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY: THE UPPER ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE IN THE HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET.



CLAIMED TO BE THE OLDEST HOUSE IN STRATFORD: A COTTAGE ON THE CORNER OF ELY STREET WHICH IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF A TIMBER-FRAME HOUSE.



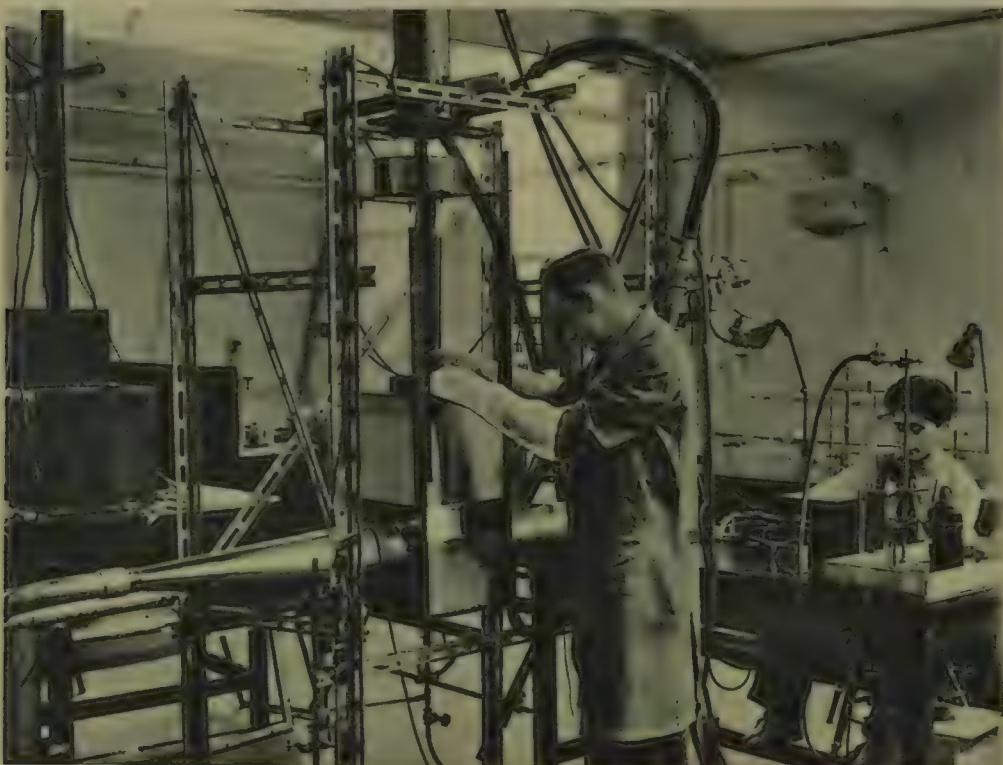
# "PLAYING WITH FIRE"—TO GOOD PURPOSE: INSIDE THE FIRE RESEARCH STATION.



TESTING THE IGNITION OF GASES BY FRICTION SPARKS: IN THE SEALED BOX IS A MIXTURE OF COAL-GAS AND AIR, WHICH THE EXPERIMENTER HAS JUST IGNITED BY STRIKING PIECES OF METAL TOGETHER.



TESTING THE INTER-ACTION OF HEAT AND SPRAY: TWO JETS OF WATER ARE IMPINGED AND THE RESULTANT SPRAY DIRECTED TOWARDS A FURNACE, THE RESULTS BEING MEASURED BY MEANS OF A RADIOMETER.



THIS APPARATUS IS USED TO TEST THE EFFECT OF WATER SPRAY IN FIRE EXTINCTION. SPRAY OF KNOWN COMPOSITION (PRESSURE, NUMBER AND SIZE OF GLOBULES, ETC.) CAN BE DIRECTED ON A KEROSENE FIRE AND STUDIED.



HERE A PETROL FIRE IS BEING SMOTHERED WITH FOAM IN AN APPARATUS WHICH ENABLES THE CONSUMPTION-RATE OF THE FOAM, AND SO ITS EFFICACY, TO BE ACCURATELY MEASURED.



FINDING THE BURSTING-POINT OF FIRE CANVAS DELIVERY HOSE: INTO A CHOSEN LENGTH WATER IS FORCED UNDER PRESSURE. GOOD HOSE STANDS UP TO 700-800 LB. PER SQUARE INCH.



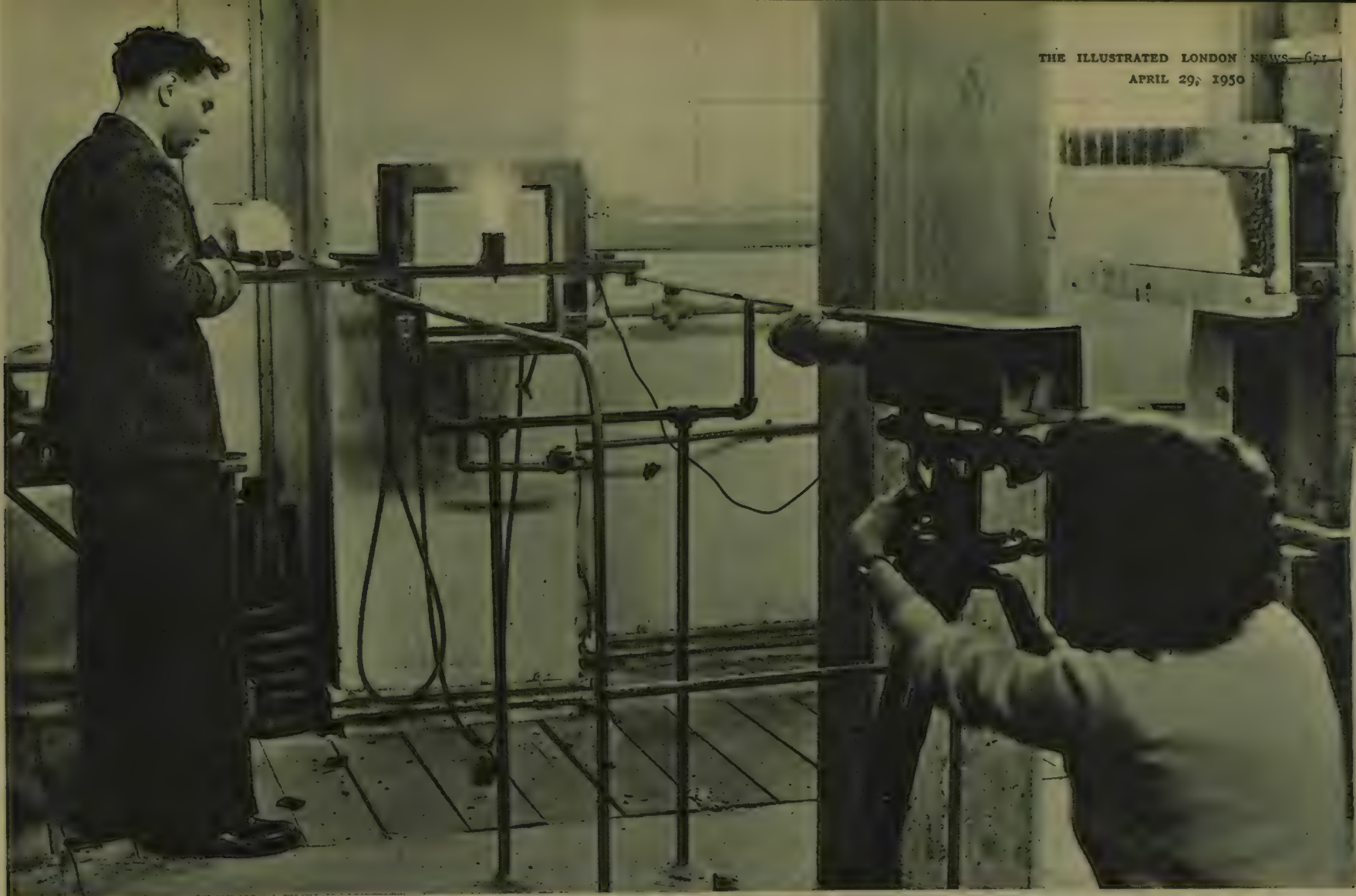
IN FIRE INVESTIGATION IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW HOW A FIRE NATURALLY DEVELOPS; AND SCALE MODELS OF BUILDINGS OR BUILDING FEATURES ARE USED IN SUCH "EXPERIMENTAL ARSON."

Every month, in this country, about seventy people lose their lives through fire; and every year an immense amount of damage is done to property by fire. In 1947, the estimated figure for such damage was £18,860,000; for 1948, £18,643,000; and for 1949, over £22,000,000. Of these heavy losses, it is probably safe to say that the very much greater proportion was preventable and arose from accident or faulty design or use of materials. The fire brigades all over the country are

concerned with the fighting of fires that have already broken out: the Fire Research Station, at which the photographs on these two pages were taken, is equally concerned with aiding that fight against fire and preventing its very occurrence. The Fire Research Station is situated at Boreham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, and it is the headquarters of the country's scientific fire-fighters. It is run jointly by the Government (through the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research) and the

[Continued opposite.]





WHEN DOES WOOD CATCH FIRE? A LAY-OUT AT THE FIRE RESEARCH STATION, IN WHICH VARIOUS TYPES OF WOOD CAN BE TESTED FOR INFLAMMABILITY UNDER RADIATION.



HOW DOES WALL-BOARD CATCH FIRE AND HOW DOES THE FIRE SPREAD? AN EXPERIMENT IN WHICH A SAMPLE, MARKED IN SECTIONS, IS HELD IN FRONT OF A RADIATION FURNACE.

#### HOW WOOD BURNS—"ARSON WITH AN OBJECT" AT THE BOREHAM WOOD FIRE RESEARCH STATION.

*Continued.*

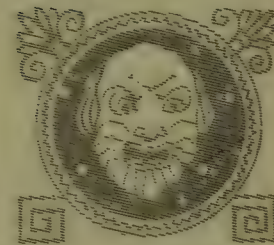
Fire Offices Committee (which is the central association of the fire insurance companies). In this "small town" of about forty people, scientists analyse the reports of every fire outbreak in the country—that is to say, some 70,000 each year, not counting chimney fires—and seek the root cause in each case. They also carry out, as our photographs show, a very great number of tests on materials, building design and fire-fighting equipment. Many of these tests would delight a pyromaniac's heart, consisting as they do of a purposeful "playing with fire." Lighted matches are dropped, unextinguished cigarette-ends thrown about, rooms of houses are deliberately

set on fire—and the results carefully studied and scientifically recorded. Although the experiments concerned with active fire-fighting, such as the testing of fire hose, types of foam and efficacy of various forms of spray are perhaps the more dramatic; those which are concerned with the nature of materials—such as the ignition of wood by radiation and the resistance to fire of various forms of wall-board—and with the structure of buildings and their liability to fire-risk—it is these probably that hold out the greatest hope for the future in cutting down this annual drain on the nation's prosperity, and form the best justification for the station's work.





# The World of the Cinema.



## THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

By ALAN DENT.

NOT long ago the New London Film Society showed its members a half-forgotten Chaplin full-length called "The Circus," preceded by two or three single-reel comedies by the almost completely forgotten Max Linder. These last were fascinating—and still funny. Chaplin has openly declared his obligations to Linder, and these episodes made those obligations clear. For the Frenchman had the same prevailing notion of showing a little man wistfully triumphing over the most appalling obstacles, and eternally deeming that one of his swift, sure smiles could conquer all opponents and dissolve all difficulties. Linder—a god of my infancy, and I well remember how stricken I was at the news of his early death—had none of Charlie's pathos but a great deal of his charm. He also, as I have said, showed the way to Charlie's method—or at least to one of his methods—of winning our laughter.

Chaplin, incidentally, remains the world's most popular clown.

The other day at Istanbul, for example, I found two cinemas doing roaring business with "The Gold Rush," and both hoardings gave no mention of his surname: both called him *Çarlo*—pronounced as the French pronounce *Charlot*. There's world-wide

endearment for you! But why do we in Britain see so little of him? If I were a cinema manager I should have one of his half-hour silent "shorts" in every programme, and go to the trifling expense of hiring someone to play the necessary rollicking music on any old piano. "The Circus," though it was not one of the major Chaplins, has a scene which gives us the quintessence of the great little man. He flies

limiting screen to entertain us and the surrounding characters with one of his madly amusing patter-songs, and the cinema—so to speak—is turned into the London Palladium. Mr. Kaye, in brief, is a great music-hall artist rather than a film actor, and this truth will out—in every film he has so far made. One would go further and assert that, in one sense at least, he is no actor at all. He is a brilliant and reposeless mimic who, when there is no other person or animal around to mock and imitate, just mocks and imitates himself.

That he achieves this mimicry with real virtuosity I should be the last person to deny. His features are far more swiftly and more completely malleable than any I have ever gazed on. His left nostril is an even



A COMEDIAN "WHO HAS ALREADY MADE HIMSELF ENDEARED ENOUGH TO BE PRE-NAMED BY THE WHOLE OF THE WESTERN WORLD": DANNY KAYE AS GEORGI, WITH LEZA (BARBARA BATES) IN A SCENE FROM "THE INSPECTOR GENERAL" (WARNER BROS.).



AN ACTOR WHOSE "FEATURES ARE FAR MORE SWIFTLY AND MORE COMPLETELY MALLEABLE THAN ANY I HAVE EVER GAZED ON": DANNY KAYE AS THE PENNILESS STRANGER, WHO IS MISTAKEN FOR A GOVERNMENT AGENT, IN THE FILM ELABORATION OF GOGOL'S FAMOUS OLD FARCE, "THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR," NAMED "THE INSPECTOR GENERAL." OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS GEORGI (DANNY KAYE) AT A MEAL SEATED NEXT TO MARIA (ELSA LANCHESTER).

from a bully, runs up a little wooden stair and through a door which automatically locks behind him, and finds himself knee-deep in straw in a lion's cage, with a lion asleep in the opposite corner. Does Charlie blanch? The snows of Switzerland are dun beside his complexion. And then what happens? The king of beasts awakes, lifts his head, gazes at the white jelly of an intruder, yawns, lowers his head, and falls asleep again. Meanwhile Charlie's sweetheart has come up to the cage to stare in helpless horror at his predicament. But note the instantaneous change in Charlie on his realising the lion's indifference. His rapid smile assures the girl that *she* need not be concerned, and simultaneously he points at the lion with a superb gesture of comical defiance, a gesture which is deliciously arrested for a split second by a growl from the opposite corner.

Has Danny Kaye anything quite so unstrainedly funny in the whole of his elaborate repertoire? Perhaps not. But the comparison does not really arise, since Mr. Kaye has much less in common with Mr. Chaplin than the latter has, for example, with the late Max Linder. Danny—who has already made himself endeared enough to be pre-named by the whole of the Western world—has methods which have nothing in common with those of the other film comedians mentioned, except that their intended end is our laughter. Danny is explosive, rhapsodical, improvisatory. His new film, "The Inspector General," is an elaboration of Gogol's famous old farce, "The Government Inspector." For quite a time a pretence is made of keeping to this play's story of how a penniless stranger in a village is mistaken by the corrupt local officials for a Government agent who is rumoured to be travelling incognito. In the film, as in the Russian comedy, the stranger is treated like an emperor and overwhelmed with bribes. But we are in cloud-cuckoo land rather than old Russia, and every twenty minutes or so Mr. Kaye bursts—as it were—through the

quainter buffoon than his right, his ears are wags, and every hair in his head is a zany. In one "trick" scene in this film we see a quartet of Kayes singing at once, all wonderfully differentiated and all funny. But they are four "lightning impersonations." Danny could not "be" one of these characters for more than a minute or two—any more than he can be himself for as long a space of time. If comparisons are insisted upon between the incomparable Danny and the incomparable Charlie, the fundamental difference is that Chaplin is his exquisite little self all the time and everywhere, whereas Danny is a chameleon who turns instantaneously into every man, woman, beast or fish he happens to encounter in his sunny progress. They have nothing whatsoever in common excepting powerful artistry and the gift of making us laugh.

Another comedian called Jacques Tati has been making France laugh for the past year in an oddly old-fashioned little film called "Jour de Fête." This is about the arrival of a travelling fair at a village, its setting-up, and its departure. It is also about the village postman (Jacques Tati) and his eccentric ways and means of delivering his letters. I must admit to finding Tati only mildly funny. He looks rather like a caricature of General de Gaulle, and his style and his invention are very much those of the old silent clowns lesser to Chaplin—Ben Turpin, for instance, and Larry Semon, if one remembers those. I should not have been at all surprised—indeed, it would have been quite a relief—if the Keystone Cops had suddenly arrived on their explosive horseless vehicle to give chase to this frantic postman. For in its general style this oddity belongs to this century's 'teens.

The laughter this film evoked, at least at its Press showing, could only be described as intermittent and sporadic. But the laughter at the private show with which I began was spontaneous and immediate and came from a remarkably crowded audience. This fact points the way to the probability that the best of the old silent comedies might still bring us merriment if only they could be given the chance of exhibition. It might be well worth somebody's while to find out. For the sound of careless laughter is a precious thing in this over-careful world.



"A COMEDIAN WHO HAS BEEN MAKING FRANCE LAUGH FOR THE PAST YEAR": JACQUES TATI AS THE VILLAGE POSTMAN IN THE FRENCH FILM "JOUR DE FÊTE."

This week Mr. Dent discusses some film comedians, both new and old. The French film comedian Jacques Tati he admits to finding "only mildly funny," and describes him as looking "rather like a caricature of General de Gaulle." Jacques Tati, who is over 6 ft. tall, is not only the star of "Jour de Fête" (which opened at the Cameo-Polytechnic in Upper Regent Street on April 18) but also director of the film and author of the original story.



## MARINE ART AT GREENWICH: A DISPLAY BY LIVING PAINTERS.



"THE FAIRWAY TO LONDON"; BY ARTHUR J. W. BURGESS. AN OIL PAINTING ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION BY THE SOCIETY OF MARINE ARTISTS AT GREENWICH.

THE fifth annual exhibition of the Society of Marine Artists, an organisation founded in 1939, whose activities were, however, suspended by the war, is this year being held, by invitation of the Trustees, in the Print Room of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The Fourth Annual Exhibition last year took place in Guildhall. The current display, which was opened on April 18 by Lord Stanhope, chairman of the Museum Trustees, is to continue at Greenwich until May 10, after which the collection of paintings and water-colour drawings will go on tour, and is to be shown at Southampton and Glasgow. The exhibits

(Continued on right)



"THERE SHE BLOWS!"; BY WILLIAM McDOWELL. A PAINTING REPRESENTING A WHALE-BOAT, FROM A SAILING WHALING-SHIP RACING UNDER OARS TO THE KILL.



"IMPLACABLE 1949"; BY FRANCIS SCOTT. A WATER-COLOUR OF THE FAMOUS OLD 74-GUN SHIP OF THE LINE WHICH WAS SCUTTLED IN DECEMBER, 1949. HER FIGUREHEAD IS PRESERVED IN THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM.



"TAKING ABOARD THE PILOT"; BY ARTHUR BOND. A WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITED IN THE SPECIAL SHOW OF MODERN MARINE ART IN THE PRINT ROOM, THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM.



"HIGHWATER"; BY ALLANSON-HICK, F.R.I.B.A. AN OIL PAINTING SHOWING THE *GOthic*. THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF MARINE PAINTERS WILL CONTINUE AT GREENWICH TILL MAY 10.

(Continued.) include William McDowell's "There She Blows!" a record of a craft no longer in existence. It shows a sailing whaling-ship hove-to while her whale-boats race under oars to the kill—to modern minds a very primitive method of whaling. Another—somewhat melancholy—echo of the past is provided by Francis Scott's water-colour drawing of the old *Implacable*, famous old 74-gun ship of the line which was built by the French and fought at Trafalgar as *Duguay-Trouin* before she was captured on November 4, 1805, by Sir Richard Strachan, brought into Plymouth as a prize, refitted and added to the

(Continued below.)



"ON THE FORESHORE AT PUTNEY"; BY GEORGE AYLING. A WATER-COLOUR OF ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE CORNERS OF LONDON, PAINTED ON A MISTY DAY.

(Continued.)

Royal Navy as H.M.S. *Implacable*. It was found impossible to preserve her, and she was scuttled in December, 1949, but her figurehead is now at the National Maritime Museum, where it will be kept as a perpetual memorial of her. In his speech at the opening of the exhibition by the Society of Marine Artists, Lord Stanhope said that the National Maritime Museum had close ties with the Society and that, before long, the collection of war pictures by a member of it, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, C.B.E., P.R.I., R.O.I., would be on view there, as he had generously presented it to the Museum. Mr. Norman Wilkinson is represented in the special current exhibition by a group of paintings which include "D' Day," and "Malta—The Grand Harbour"; and Mr. Charles Pears's "Ship Signalling for a Pilot by Blue Flare" and Mr. Howard Jarvis's "Changing Weather—Burnham-on-Crouch" and "The Shamble's Lightship" are other notable exhibits.



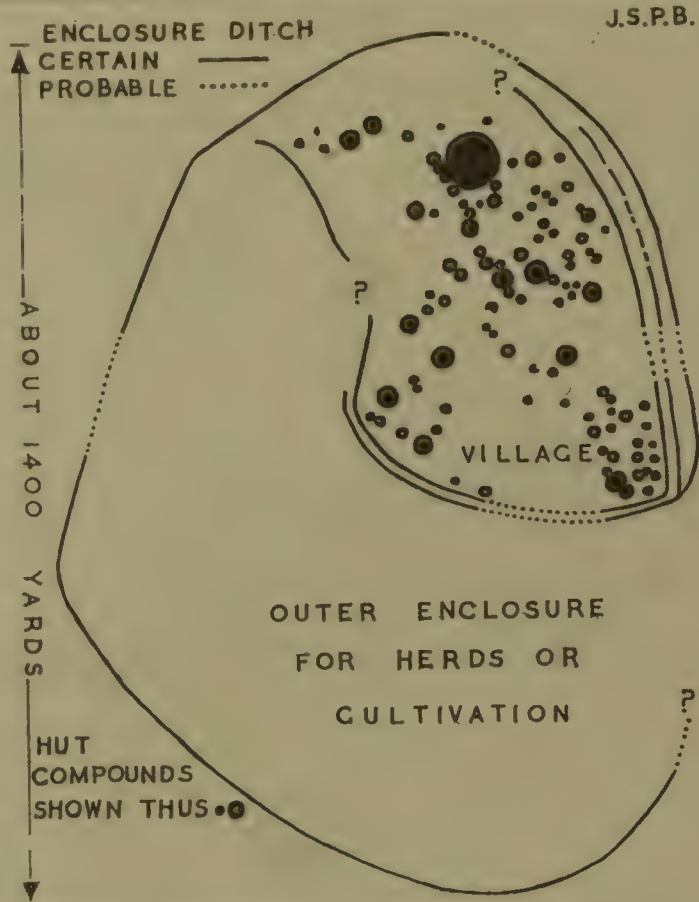
# THE FIRST FARMERS IN SOUTH ITALY: VILLAGE LIFE 4000 YEARS AGO.

In an article in "The Times" of April 8, Dr. J. K. St. Joseph described the very extensive revelations of archaeological and ancient sites in Britain made by the use of aerial photography; and in a letter to "The Times" of April 15, Lord Wemyss appealed for this aerial survey to be carried out over such marginal land as is scheduled for ploughing-up, before the deep cultivation of modern machines destroys the sites or obliterates the traces of them. Both aspects of this matter lend a topical interest to the aerial photographs on these pages, whose significance is explained by Mr. J. S. P. Bradford, of the Pitt Rivers Museum, University of Oxford, as follows:

BY kind permission of the Air Ministry, I am able to publish some examples of the remarkable archaeological discoveries made by aerial photography in South Italy in 1945. All those that I am going to describe lay within the coastal plain (the "Tavoliere") of Northern Apulia, with Foggia at its centre. Neolithic, Roman and mediæval sites were found in profusion, often intermingled, and a fuller account can be read in *Antiquity*, December 1946, from which the two photographs on this page are reproduced, with acknowledgements. In expert hands, aerial photography opens a splendid window on the past, and from it we are able to look out across Time to see again, with astounding clarity, the outlines of the Neolithic villages of the first farmers in South Italy, more than 2000 years before Imperial Rome. The diagram at the foot of the page explains how ancient sites can become visible as "crop-marks" which, when seen from above, take on the form of a coherent plan. Our knowledge of these phenomena springs from the famous pioneer work of Mr. O. G. S. Crawford in the 1920's, which gave British archaeology an undoubted lead internationally in the use of this technique.

Experience suggested that the sun-baked Foggia Plain, with its great unfenced fields of corn and grass, provided ideal conditions for "crop-mark" discoveries. This proved correct when, in the four weeks following the Armistice in May 1945, vertical and oblique aerial photographs were taken of this region (the former by the R.A.F., the latter by Major Williams-Hunt and myself) during routine camera-tests and occasional training-flights. Many years of field work on the ground could have furnished no more than a small proportion of the results obtained, which can be summarised thus: (1) Nearly 200 ditch-enclosed settlements of Neolithic type were found, ranging from large villages, within four concentric ditches, 700 yards across overall, down through intermediate sizes to small sites, 150 yards across (? homesteads), within one or two ditches. Considering their numbers they are, as a group, singularly homogeneous. The innermost enclosure contained scattered circular ditch-enclosed "compounds," usually 15 to 25 yards across, inside which, no doubt, stood huts; some villages have 100 or more. Trial excavations produced a quantity of typical painted, and burnished, Neolithic pottery from the ditch of a "compound," in a village of the kind illustrated on this page. Evidence shows that both large and smaller sites were in existence by 2300 B.C. at least, and their civilisation lasted for some centuries. As we survey, with the precise eye of a District Commissioner in Africa to-day, the beginnings of settled community-life in Europe over 4000 years ago, it is difficult to repress a pang of admiration for these methodical and ingenious peasants, whose labours prepared the way for the evolution of cities and nations. (2) An elaborate system of ditch-enclosed Roman fields covering the region was brought to light. This "gridded" partition of the plain into great square blocks more than 700 yards across (known as centuriation) had disappeared without leaving a trace--

(Continued below.)



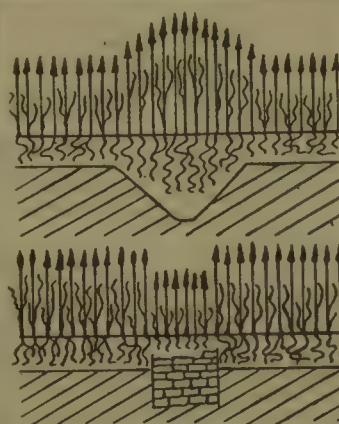
BELIEVED TO BE NEOLITHIC: A PREHISTORIC VILLAGE NEAR FOGGIA SHOWN IN A PLAN BASED ON AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, REPRODUCED RIGHT AND BELOW.



A VERTICAL AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PREHISTORIC VILLAGE: A, B AND C SHOW PERIMETER DITCHES.

(RIGHT.) HOW ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES CAUSE "CROP-MARKS."

From the view-point of air-photography, archaeological sites which are wholly below the surface are usually revealed by one, or other, of two different sets of circumstances. The diagrams show how such sites cause significant differences in the colour and quality of the crop above. Ditches or pits (upper diagram) formerly cut into the harder subsoil give added root-depth. Crops growing over them are relatively darker in tone than the rest of the field. *Per contra* (lower diagram), hard surfaces, as roads, floors and walls, restrict moisture, so that the crop turns lighter in colour more quickly.



(Continued.)

except in "crop-mark" form! (3) Two dozen assorted earthworks were identified. Most appear to be mediæval, and many of these have their field-systems (since abandoned) surviving as crop-marks. Miss E. M. Jamison is kindly co-operating in dating them from charters, etc. The material for the social and economic historian should be fruitful. Given this mass of new and detailed information, a planned programme of excavation could be economically performed, with the assurance of important discoveries. Last, but not least, it is a pleasure to record the generous help given to me by Italian archaeologists during my work on this subject.



A CLOSE-UP OF PART OF THE PREHISTORIC VILLAGE SHOWN ABOVE: AN OBLIQUE AIR PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING (A, B AND C) 20-FT.-WIDE DITCHES, CIRCULAR COMPOUNDS AND (D) RECTANGLE AND FURROWS OF LATER DATE.



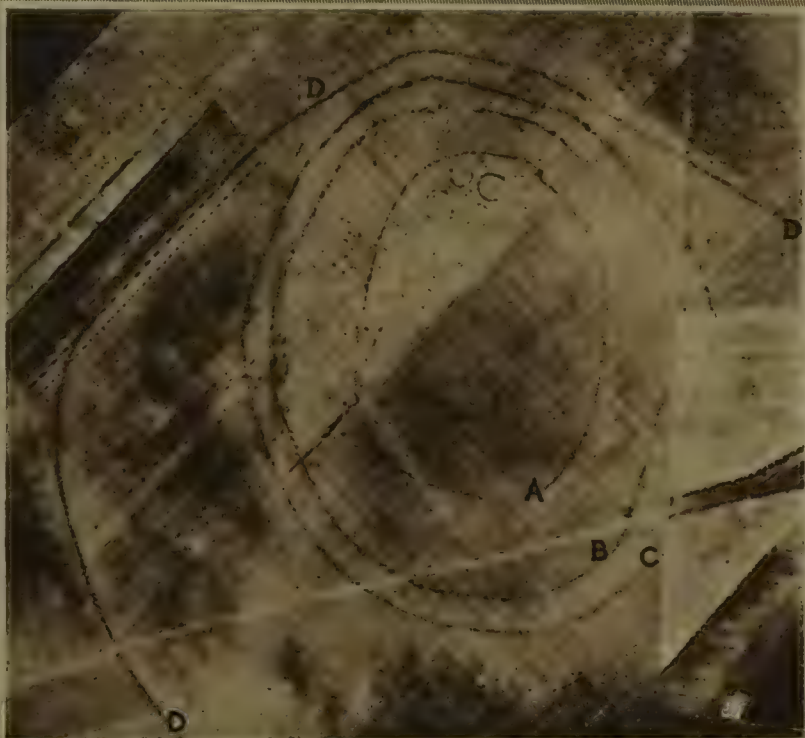
## HISTORY AND PREHISTORY REVEALED BY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.



A NEOLITHIC SETTLEMENT, 8 MILES NORTH-EAST OF FOGGIA. The crop-marks, seen obliquely, clearly reveal (A) the circular inner, and (B) oval outer, ditches (90 and 170 yards across) of probable domestic and farmyard enclosures; also (C) traces of later field systems.



A DITCH-ENCLOSED SETTLEMENT OF NEOLITHIC "HAMLET" TYPE. The crop-marks on this vertical air photograph give a wonderfully detailed plan of a prehistoric community. The enclosed area, 240 yards across, contains fourteen ditched "compounds" for huts. There is a smaller site adjacent.



SHOWN BY CROP-MARKS: A SETTLEMENT OF NEOLITHIC "VILLAGE" TYPE. A vertical view of the three concentric ditches (A, B, C), 470 yards in diameter, with traces of hut "compounds" at the centre. The whole lies at one end of a much bigger enclosure (D), part of which can be seen. The dimensions and concentric circles are typical of many of these newly-found prehistoric villages.



ONE OF SEVERAL IMPORTANT MEDIEVAL EARTHWORKS BROUGHT TO LIGHT. This site of S. Lorenzo, 3½ miles south-south-east of Foggia, is believed to be the *Domus* or *Palacium* of that name built c. 1237 by the Emperor Frederick II.; divided into three parts (A, B, C) by earth ramparts and moats, it measures 800 yards in length, and round its sides are clustered the crop-marks of rectangular mediæval ditched fields, which have been completely disregarded by modern boundaries (cf. D).



FRESH LIGHT ON THE DEFENCES OF THE FAMOUS CASTLE OF LUCERA. (A) The Donjon and (B) curtain wall of Frederick II.'s fortress, completed in 1227. This "oblique" disclosed (C) buried traces of a semi-circular defensive work in the grass outside (protecting the bridge [D] over the deep ditch), and also (E) foundations of a large square enclosure.



THE BURIED FOUNDATIONS OF THREE LARGE BUILDINGS FOUND NEAR TROIA, BY THE SIDE OF A STREAM. This "oblique" clearly shows the partitions of the room walls. Their plan, and the quantity of Roman pottery found on the surface, suggest the presence of an important Roman country house.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

"WITHIN THE LABYRINTH," by Norman Lewis (Cape; 9s. 6d.), is extra-dry—a tragi-comedy of frustration. Manning has just been posted from Iraq to Southern Italy, at the eleventh hour. He has had five years of wasting idleness; and now the war is over, so one might think it had struck twelve. However, Field Security is still in being; and the F.S.O.—the last survivor of his kind over a wide area—says there is more to do than ever. At the outpost of Malevento, Manning will be on his own, with plenty of work. As for the nature of the work—"Good god, sergeant. Surely you don't expect me to tell you that. Do your normal job, of course."

Manning, though unenlightened, sets out with purpose firm. Over an appalling road, he is delivered at a giant rubbish-heap—all that remains of Malevento. But his zeal withstands the first shock, and even an encounter with the young man he is replacing. This cheerful pessimist assures him that there is no job, and if there were it couldn't be done. For, in the first place, he will never get to know anything. He will depend entirely on the local police, and might as well make things up—the information would be useless anyhow, so what does it matter? In fact, the one thing needful is a short list of notabilities, with the appropriate *douceurs*. Then, if he plays ball, they will look after him. Otherwise he will get nowhere just the same, but much more unpleasantly. Manning, however, is determined on a strong line. He will refuse to bribe, he will reject comfort. He will defy the heat and the mosquitoes and the moral stickiness, and do a job by sheer force of character.

And Malevento closes round him. It has to live—and in conditions of grotesque nightmare; its code is strictly a response to things as they are. Beside the true, colossal task of rebuilding, Manning's pursuit of "justice" shows up as a bad joke. Even if justice can be done, it won't help at all, or leave one inch of the Aegean stables half a shade cleaner. But he can't face the awful truth; in the name of self-respect, he must struggle, and believe his object worth while. The nightmare thickens; blindly he lurches on; the marshal of the police enfolds him in loving tentacles. And thus he moves to his achievement—the crowning irony, the very core of humiliation.

The manner sparkles, but the taste is of bleak despair. Reform itself, in Malevento, would be apt to throw up the sponge, and plant a notice by the roadside: "All hope abandon . . ." Collapse, material and moral, has gone so far as to become absolute, and shape a new order: an order of decay, of strange toadstool growths, and fantastic parasites. It is a paralysing spectacle: and very brilliant indeed.

The little world of "Monk's Reach," by Germaine Guèvremont (Evans; 10s. 6d.), provides a soothing and entire change. It takes us back beyond the First War; and from the torrid sun to the snows of Canada; and from Italian derelicts to French farmers. The community is not very old, but it is already stable and traditional; and Father Didace bears his name proudly. It is a heritage, and all the Didaces have been good men. But he is getting on in life, and though he looks back with pride and joy, the present is distinctly cheerless and the future unpromising. His wife is dead; his only son, Amable-Didace, is a weakling, and the son's wife is a bad housekeeper, and childless as well. Comfort has vanished from his home, and now he tries to keep out of it.

But with the coming of the Stranger, all is made new. He drops in for a meal, and stays a year. He is the soul of the house, and an attraction to the whole countryside. A red-haired, wandering Ulysses, master of many trades; unsparing at his work, a good fighter, courteous and easy-going, and very drunken when the fit takes him—this is the son and heir Didace should have had. The girls compete for his attention; and Angelina, lame, heart-free and devout, at last falls in love. She seems the woman of his choice, and it looks like marriage. Then one day he is gone for ever. But in passing, he has changed lives, set destiny to work. It was he who led Didace to the buxom widow, the evil genius of his household. From that chance meeting, unforeseeable events take their rise. And when the vagrant is forgotten in other homes, the love of Angelina remains unaltered.

This story has a charming freshness and geniality. For the Stranger I can't say much: he is our old friend the eternal rover, the maiden's dream. But the two girls are of common clay, and very touching they are—appealing in their very gaucheness and want of glamour. And then, of course, there is the background, the social life—warm, humorous and novel.

Catherine Gaskin's "Dust in Sunlight" (Collins; 8s. 6d.), can be read with ease. But I'm afraid that is all. The writer started too young; she made her debut as a school-girl, with an imitation of the imitation of life, and as, unluckily, it was a great success she has gone no further. This is the story of Ruth Channing, told by herself. She studied music; she became a nurse in the First World War; and then she fell in love with Alex, her deceased husband. This would have been a failure if it had lasted long enough. Her next adventure was in Ireland during the Troubles. After that she tried country life—and once more threw away her heart. An old acquaintance caught it on the rebound; and though she hadn't thought of him before, he turned out to be just right for her. It is all wonderfully fluent: though one cannot add, well-constructed.

"Murder Comes Home," by Anthony Gilbert (Collins; 8s. 6d.), has the usual Crook flavour, which warms the cockles of one's heart. At least, it does mine. Crook's irrepressible vulgarity would live up a very thin plot indeed, while, on the other hand, his cases would support a much duller sleuth. We all have faults, and Mr. Gilbert has been known to kill the wrong person—somebody one couldn't spare. But there will be no tears for old Fitzgerald, the witch who "suffocated in her sleep." Or so they found at the inquest; and so it might have ended, but for two passing strangers who, by the merest chance, were neighbours as well. Therefore, instead of passing in the night, they stuck around—and it was all up. From first to last there is a good deal of chance; but the excitement carries it along, without a moment of anti-climax.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WE mentioned some months ago young Jonathan Penrose's feat in winning both the Junior and the Senior London championships in the same year. In the Southsea international chess congress after Easter, this sixteen-year-old boy, who is undoubtedly England's greatest chess hope for the future, defeated the German "Grandmaster" and ex-world-championship aspirant Bogoljubov in the following brilliant game. He later beat Tartakower too!

SICILIAN DEFENCE.			
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
J. Penrose.	E. D. Bogoljubov.	J. Penrose.	E. D. Bogoljubov.
1. P-K4	P-QB4	8. Castles	B-K2
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	9. P-Kt3	Q-B2
3. P-Q4	P×P	10. B-Kt2	Castles
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	11. K-R1	R-Q1
5. Kt-QB3	QKt-Q2	12. Q-K2	Kt-B1
6. P-KKt3	P-QR3	13. P-B4	R-Kt1
7. B-Kt2	P-K3		

White has secured a big advantage from the opening; Black's game is very cramped and . . . P-QKt4 could not be played at once because of the reply P-K5.

14. QR-Q1	B-Q2	15. P-K5	Kt-K1
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BLACK.



WHITE.

16. Kt-B5!

A simple stroke yet one which brilliantly exploits his more harmonious deployment. Of course, if 16. . . P×Kt; 17. Kt-Q5, Q-R4; 18. Kt×Bch, K-R1; 19. Q-R5 with a fierce attack (17. . . P-KKt3; 18. P-K6 dis ch, etc.).

16. Kt-Kt3	18. Kt-K4	P-Q4
17. Kt×Bch	Kt×Kt	

Forced by the threat of 19. P×P, Kt×P; 20. B-K5.

If, in answer to White's next, Black tried 19. . . Kt×Kt; 20. P×Kt, Q×P, White would win the exchange for a pawn by 21. B-K5—this appears to us, however, far his best chance of holding the game.

19. Kt-Q6	Q-R4	22. P-KKt4	Kt×P
20. Q-R5	Kt×Kt	23. P-B5	Q×P?
21. P×Kt	Kt-B4		

A pointless move which renders an already desperate situation quite hopeless. 23. . . Kt-K1 offered a little hope; e.g., 24. P×P, B×P; 25. P-B4, Q-Kt5, so that, if 26. P×P, Q×KKtP! "Bogo" must have underestimated his opponent badly or found the sea-breezes of Southsea pier, where the congress was held, too relaxing!

24. B-K5	Kt-K1
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It is all over. The natural reply, . . . B-K1, is out of the question, because that square is wanted for the knight in answer to Q-Kt5.

25. P×P	B×P	29. B×B	R-K1
26. B×R	R×B	30. B×Pch	K×B
27. Q-K5	R-B1	31. R×Ktch	Resigns.
28. B×P	Kt-B3		

A suitable alternative to playing 31. . . P×R; 32. R-Q7ch!

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## VIOLENCE.

I MUST confess that when I read of the assassination, in 1940, of Leon Trotsky I remained dry-eyed. This ruthless and unamiable terrorist perished at the hands of the weapon he had created—the G.P.U. The fact that in the human-destruction and misery-causing stakes he ran a poor third to Hitler and Stalin—with Attila unplaced and Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane nowhere—was only due to the fact that he lost the struggle for power, after the death of Lenin, to a more astute though no less bloodthirsty rival in Stalin. As between the late unlamented Al Capone and "Dutch" Schultz it is, to say the least, easy to be neutral. Nevertheless, "Murder in Mexico" (Secker and Warburg; 9s. 6d.) is a fascinating story. It is written by the then Chief of Secret Police in Mexico—General Sanchez Salazar—in conjunction with a well-known Spanish Republican, Julian Gorkin, and is an intensely interesting study of all sorts of things besides the actual subject of the book. I hardly think, for instance, that that excellent policeman and present head of M.I.5, Sir Percy Sillitoe, would recognise—from General Salazar's methods—that he had in him an opposite number. But the story of the attacks—the one on May 24, which failed, the one on August 20, which succeeded—the skill with which Stalin's agents penetrated the fortress (which, with its watch-towers and machine-guns and heavily-armed guards, it indeed was) in which Trotsky lived and dictated and fed his rabbits, the immense complication, thoroughness and ruthlessness of the G.P.U. machine, is enthralling. It is also as alarming as the Canadian spy trials. The permeation of the Mexican Governmental machine by the agents of Stalin, the cleverness with which the unsuccessful traitor in the first attempt, the successful assassin in the second, were able to obtain the confidence and friendship of the pathologically suspicious Trotsky, contain a grim warning for those who are disposed to underestimate the Communist danger in our midst. General Salazar writes with a charming simplicity. I shall always place his one reference to "police officer Emilio Sanchez—he was shortly to die of a fistula" along with the delightful enigmatic parentheses of John Aubrey—"and so away they went (and Sir Benjamin, I think, with them)."

What makes a non-political murderer? One of the leading American psychiatrists, Dr. Fredric Wertham, asks and answers this question in "The Show of Violence" (Gollancz; 15s.). So much bogus nonsense is talked by psychiatrists—and nowhere more so, to judge by their books and films, than by our "brethren 'neath the Western sky," that it is refreshing to meet as much common sense as is displayed in this absorbing book. Called in for the defence in several of the cases which he here recalls, Dr. Wertham indulges in some fine debunking of his fellow-practitioners of this new form of witchcraft, rolly-molly and tumble-cum-trivy. He thus maintains that the gangster Martin Lavin (who was acquitted—and lived to commit another murder) was as sane as you or I, while the "mild" little old Albert Fish, who was addicted to no fewer than eighteen distinct perversions, committed over a hundred offences against children, murdering at least five and probably eight, and committed cannibalism into the bargain, was as mad as a hatter and should not have been sent to the electric chair. It is not always a book for the weak-stomached, and while the good doctor is sometimes as naive as the colleagues he condemns (he should not, for instance, believe everything the propagandists tell him about British rule in India), it should prove of interest to serious students of crime and psychiatry.

"Ill Met by Moonlight," by W. Stanley Moss (Harrap; 10s. 6d.), has been so universally (and rightly) praised that it is difficult to add anything to the chorus except to say that once started I had to finish it, and sat up an hour and a half later than I had intended in consequence. The story of the kidnapping of General Kreipe within a few yards of his headquarters on Crete is so exciting that it gains rather than loses by the artlessness of the account which Mr. Stanley Moss gives us. It is a splendid tale—a real life tale of the style and type of the novels of Henty or Percy F. Westerman of my youth. It is grand, public-school-at-its-best stuff. Nobody ever admits to being scared—though the penalty for failure in this daring enterprise would have been death (and, knowing the Germans, death in an unpleasant form). Here is none of the thumping heart, dry mouth, frozen and contracted solar plexus which most of us feel in moments of acute danger. This—one of the most gallant exploits of the whole war—is told as if it were little more than a cross between an amusing ruse on an O.T.C. field day or a pleasantly successful leg-pull at the expense of the French master. And it gains immensely in dramatic intensity as a result.

Assisting Mr. Moss and Major Leigh-Fermor were Greeks of the Royal Hellenic Army, and an engaging collection of local patriots or bandits. Of all the races in the world, the Greeks are the most baffling and the most engaging. Ethnologists may tell me that there is little or no trace of the ancient in the modern Greeks. I am not impressed. The Greek to-day is hyper-intelligent, brave (where necessary), enduring (when, as frequently is the case, adversity afflicts him largely as the result of his own faults), unstable, and such an insipid politician that my admiration for the former members of the Danish Royal house who have consented to be his monarchs in the last seventy years, is only tempered by my sympathy. But every one of these characteristics was present in the ancient Greeks. Miss Kathleen Freeman's "Greek City States" (Macdonald; 15s.) underlines this. It deals mainly with those early colonies spawned all over the Mediterranean, from Acragas and still lovely Cyrene to Abdera and Byzantium. Of them all, Thourioi, original home of the Sybarites, is perhaps typical, exhibiting all the virtues, but also the incurable internal dissensions which are the inevitable defects of the qualities of the Greeks. But the Thourioites were outstanding in one respect. Under their admirable constitution "the person wishing to propose an amendment to the existing law must speak with his head in a noose; if he or she failed to convince, the noose was tightened instantly, and the complainant was strangled." There would have been some interesting by-elections in the past five years had this delectable rule been applied in this country. E. D. O'BRIEN.



# ON ACCOUNT OF THREE MEN: THE LONDON DOCK STRIKE AGAINST UNION LEADERS.



ONE OF THE THREE MEN WHOSE EXPULSION FROM THE UNION AFTER THE JULY STRIKE CAUSED A SECOND STOPPAGE: MR. HARRY CONSTABLE, ADDRESSING DOCKERS.



ILLUSTRATING HOW THE STRIKE, WHICH BEGAN ON APRIL 19, HAS DAMAGED THE EXPORT DRIVE: ROWS OF CARS LINED UP FOR EXPORT AND HELD UP AT THE DOCKS BY THE STOPPAGE.



ADDRESSING DOCKERS ON APRIL 21: MR. TED DICKENS, ONE OF THE THREE MEN WHOSE EXPULSION FOLLOWING ON LAST JULY'S STRIKE CAUSED THE STRIKE ON APRIL 19, 1950.



A PICTURE OF STAGNATION: A VIEW OF THE KING GEORGE V. DOCK ON APRIL 21, SHOWING SHIPS—SOME LADEN WITH FOOD—HELD UP. ON APRIL 24, WHEN SIXTY-NINE SHIPS WERE AWAITING UNLOADING AND TWELVE WERE UNDERMANNED, OWING TO THE INDEFENSIBLE STOPPAGE, SERVICE MEN BEGAN WORK ON PERISHABLE CARGOES.

ON Wednesday, April 19, some 1800 dock workers in the Royal Group of London docks came out as a protest against the expulsion of three men from the Transport and General Workers' Union for leading the unofficial strike of dockers last July. The stoppage was a conflict between the unofficial Port Workers' Committee and Mr. Arthur Deakin, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, and other leaders of that organisation. Mr. Deakin refused over the week-end to see a deputation of the workers on strike, asking for a ballot to be held on the expulsion of the three men (Ted Dickens, Harry Constable and H. G. Saunders), and the suspension from office of five others.

[Continued opposite.]



VOTING FOR THE CONTINUATION OF THE STRIKE: AT THE MASS MEETING AT VICTORIA PARK ON APRIL 21. ON APRIL 24, 12,849 MEN WERE OUT AND SURREY, MILLWALL AND LONDON DOCKS WERE NEW AREAS AFFECTED.

[Continued.]

He described the stoppage as "indefensible" and stated that to continue it "is a gross disloyalty to the Union and renders a disservice to the whole of the trade union movement." Mr. Isaacs, Minister of Labour, stated in the House of Commons on April 20 that the strike was clearly Communist inspired. The stoppage has nothing to do with the dispute between the stevedores' organisation and one of the port employers over a proposed change in conditions of work. On April 24, when sixty-nine ships were held up and twelve undermanned, over 1000 Guardsmen, Royal Artillery and Naval technicians moved into the docks and began work on ships in the Victoria, King George V. and Albert Docks.





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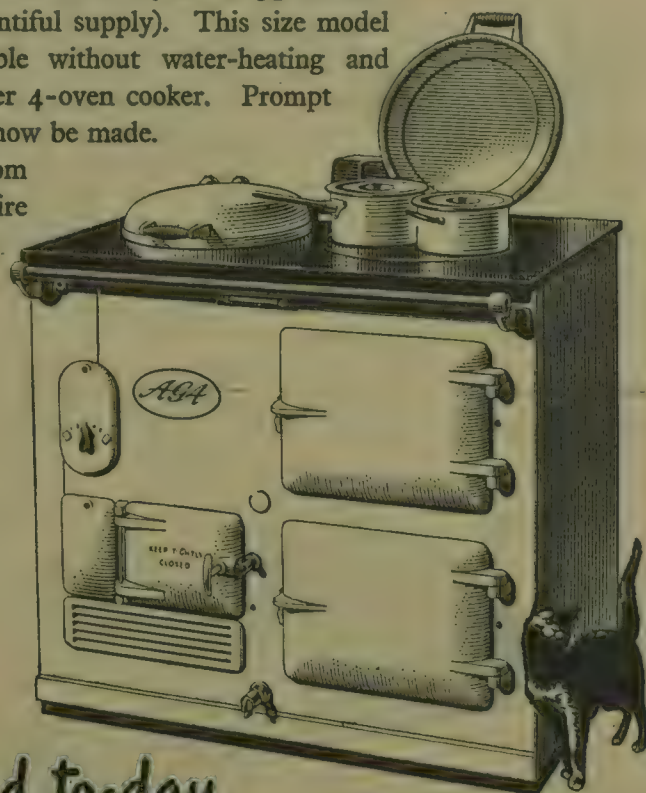
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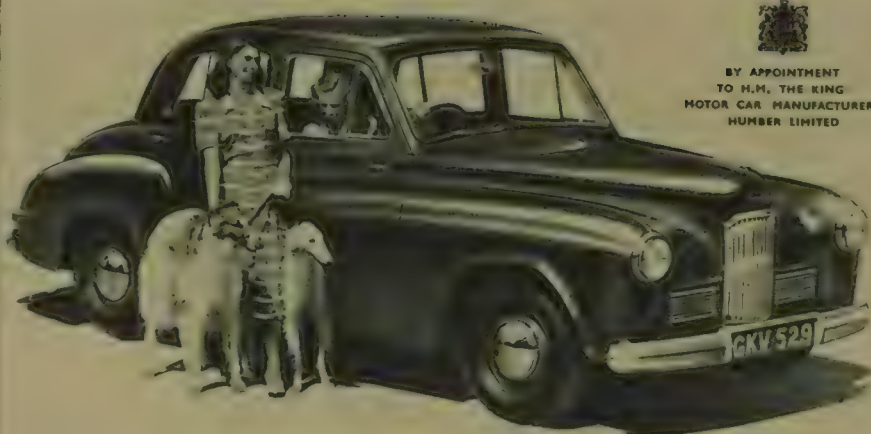
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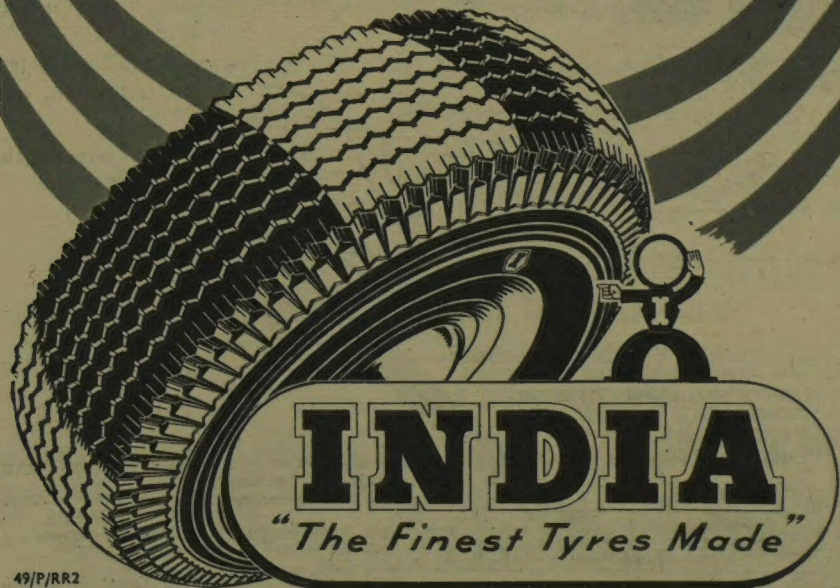
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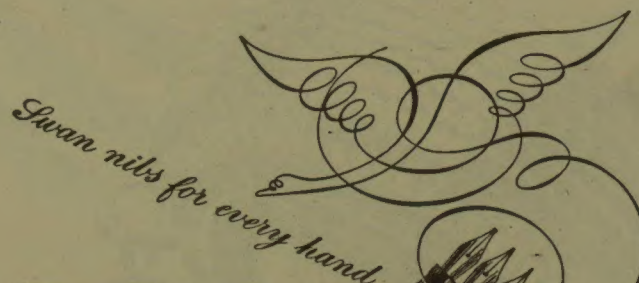
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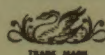
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*The world's most famous hat*

With all the characteristic style, the quality, and that "difference" which has made them so deservedly famous over many years, STETSON HATS are once again back on the market—and now they are being made in Great Britain! There are styles for every occasion, formal and informal, whilst the range of superb colours in which they are made must meet the requirements of each individual taste. Ask your hatter to show you these—you cannot fail to be impressed with their outstanding quality and appearance, and their long-lasting comfort in wear will ensure your complete satisfaction.



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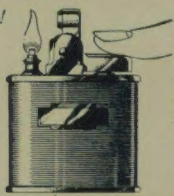
too!" Precision-built to last a lifetime, all Ronson lighters have the Ronson one-finger, one-motion safety action and are backed by the famous Ronson service. A Ronson is a joy to give or to get!

Press, it's lit — Release, it's out!

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a Masterpiece  
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"Who, sir, might Mr. Jammy be?"

"Old Jamieson, my late history master. From the moment I told him that Napoleon was my father's best brandy, he warmed to me."

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